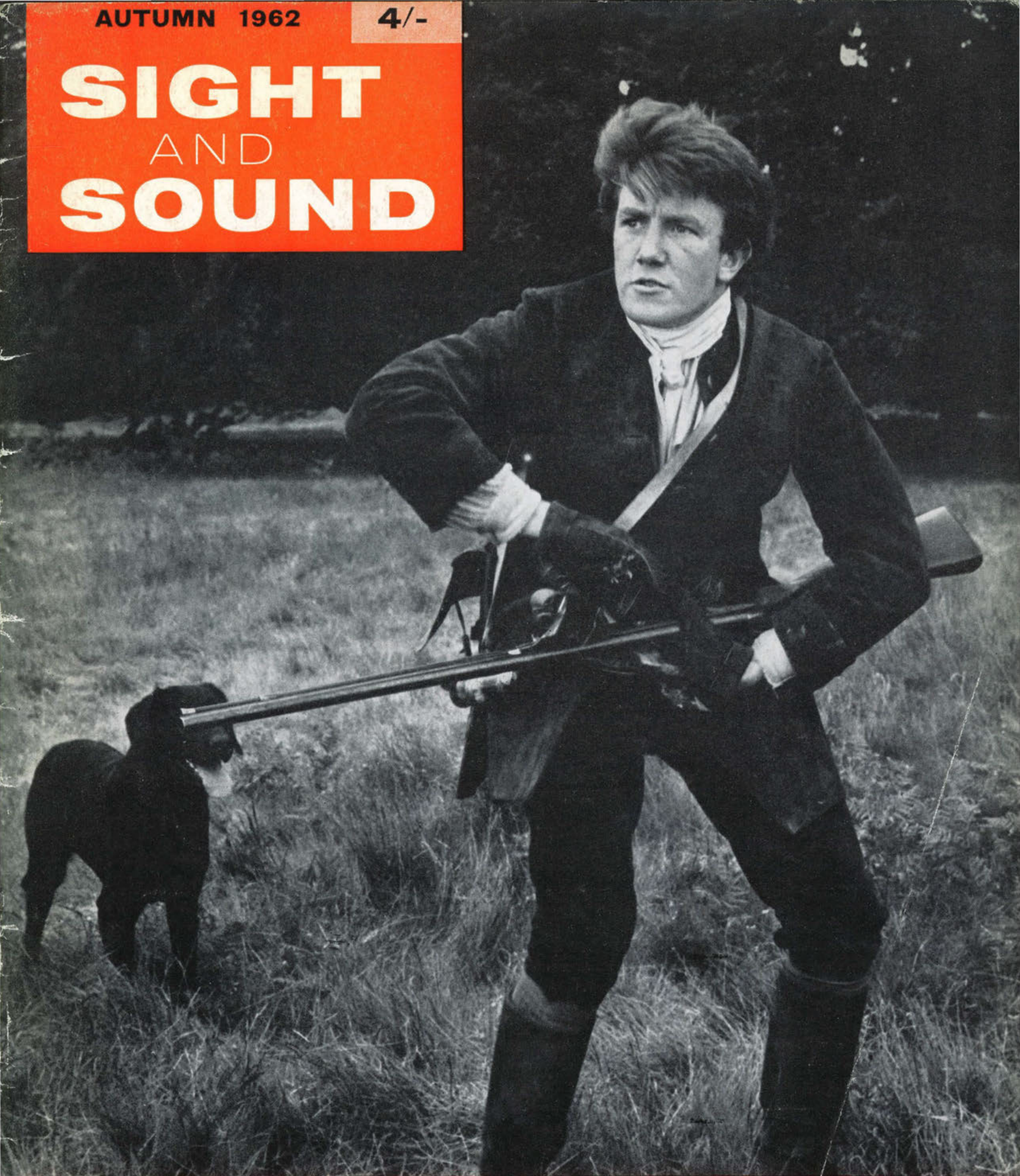


AUTUMN 1962

4/-

SIGHT AND SOUND



THE FILM QUARTERLY

NEW TRIO FROM FORD!

THE EVER CHANGING MOTOR CAR

Style and fashion of the motoring age take on a new twist when examined by the cartoon characters of this joke film. After a rapid procession of personal styling the mechanical equivalents are viewed in a motor museum. A pompous psychiatrist takes over and tells of hidden meanings behind motor car purchase! Work and play, personality and taste; all receive a hilarious treatment. A highly amusing film for any audience.

FROM FIRST TO LAST

Quality in today's motor cars is controversial, but this film provides vivid evidence of rigid inspection at Ford's giant factories. This factual colour film follows the rigid test programme from molten metal to finished car, the commentary being supplied by the men on the spot. The colour and movement of motor manufacture has been beautifully captured by the camera. Again a film for general audiences of all ages.

TRIO IN THE SUN

Three stories of travel, adventure and romance against an exotic North African background. Superb photography in the ruins of Leptis Magna, colour and noise of markets and villages, the great calm of the Libyan desert; all blended with an original score of lyrics and music by Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger.

These are among the latest additions to the Ford Film library, joining the ever popular top prize winner *We are the Lambeth Boys*, the lovely film on Greece, *Classic Holiday*, *River to Dagenham* and *Sisters Under the Skin*. These are a few of the 90 sound films available on 16 mm. Write or use the attached coupon.

TO: FORD FILM LIBRARY, DEPT. R5A/A, Cheapside House, 135-147, Cheapside, London EC2

S.S.

I am interested in borrowing the following films:—

.....
.....

I would/would not like a free catalogue containing complete list of Ford Films
for showing to.....

ON (DATE).....

NAME

ORGANISATION

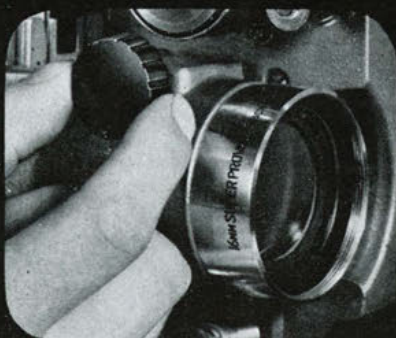
ADDRESS

BORROW THEM FREE FROM THE FORD FILM LIBRARY

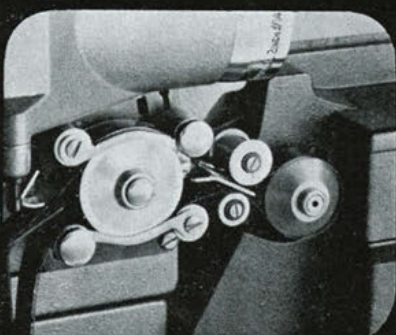
LIGHTER!



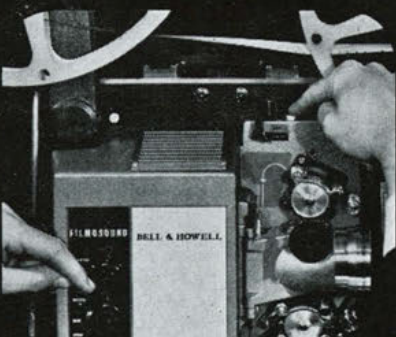
BRIGHTER!



CLEARER SOUND!



EASIER TO OPERATE!



See how the new Filmosound packs more projector into less space. It's a completely self-contained unit—even the speaker is built in. Plugs into any mains point, so there's no need for an accessory transformer.

Entirely new optical system delivers almost double the picture brightness of any other 16mm projector you can buy.

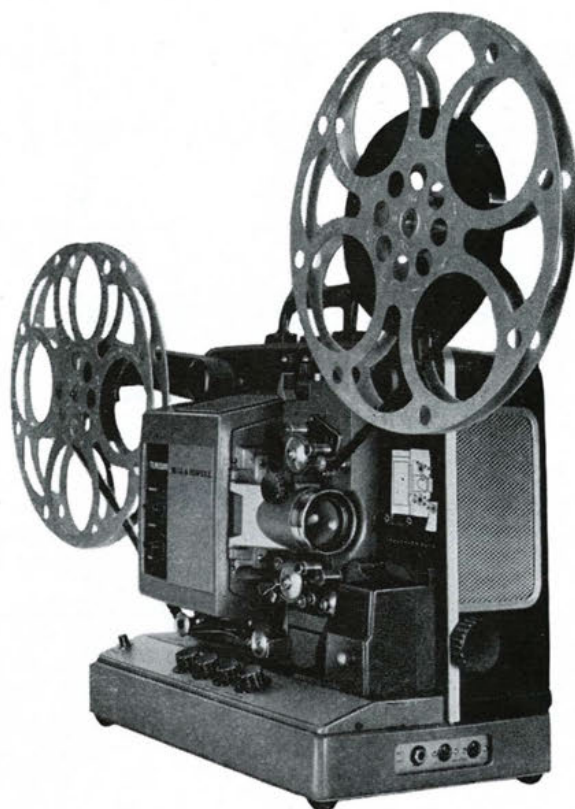
A new type of photo-diode is the heart of a truly remarkable sound system. You've never heard sound tracks reproduced so clearly, so faithfully on a 16mm sound projector.

This is the nearest thing yet to an automatic projector: no belts to position—foolproof threading—press button animation—simple rewind.

NEW!

BELL & HOWELL

**FILMOSOUND
642**



THE RANK ORGANISATION

AUDIO VISUAL DEPARTMENT

Cine & Photographic Division
37-41 Mortimer Street, London W.1. Tel: MUSEum 5432

TRAVEL-ADVENTURE

in the

Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland

FILMS of the scenic and wild life attractions of this beautiful country.
FILMS of industrial expansion—from primitive bush to modern city and thriving industry.
FILMS of far-reaching social development.

All films are 16 mm. and on one spool.

Send for the Catalogue describing films available, free on loan, for your next exhibition.



PUBLIC RELATIONS DEPARTMENT.
 The Office of the High Commissioner for Rhodesia and Nyasaland,
 Rhodesia House, Strand, London, W.C.2. Telephone: Covent Garden 1212

TRANSATLANTIC Review

What are the difficulties in making the transition from documentaries to a feature film? Is your approach similar to a whole new trend in British cinema?

JOHN SCHLESINGER, director of *A Kind of Loving* and *Terminus*, answers these and many other questions in an interview in the current issue of **TRANSATLANTIC REVIEW**.

ALAN SCHNEIDER, the American director of *Waiting for Godot*, discusses the current off-Broadway theatre.

ALAN SILLITOE's newest story appears with illustrations by the young artist, **Jeremy Davies**. **ANDREW SINCLAIR** and **MARTIN GREEN** write their reflections on America... Poetry and other stories by **MURIEL SPARK**, **CLANCY CARLILE**, **MICHAEL HAMBURGER**.

TRANSATLANTIC Review is published quarterly at 33 Ennismore Gardens, London, S.W.7, Price 4/- or 15/- per year.

TRANSATLANTIC Review

CONCORD FILMS COUNCIL

(a non-profit trust)

154 CORBYN STREET, N.4. ARC 7200

Films of special interest to Film Societies

ATTENTION (Pozor) Czechoslovakia

BEWARE (Uwaga) Poland

HISTOIRE DU SOLDAT INCONNU
 Belgium

THE LANGUAGE OF FACES U.S.A.

NEIGHBOURS Canada

IT'S A GRAND LIFE Poland

Send for complete list of films
 Support us by buying your audio-visual
 aids through us.

CONTRAST

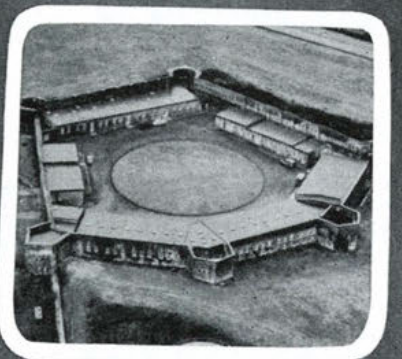
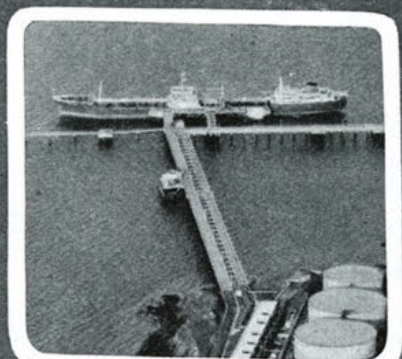
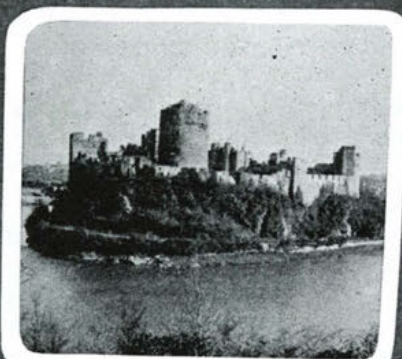
18,000,000 watch a top television programme.
Television is a plough, overturning
established ideas and views.
Television is a national theatre of the air.
Television is a huge tranquilliser, a cultural black-death.
What's good about it?
Where has it gone wrong?
Who are the exploiters?
Who are on its side?
These are the kind of questions that CONTRAST, the
Television Quarterly, asks and answers.

CONTRAST is a television magazine for the audience
who wants to lean forward as well as lean back.
It is for live television and live audiences,
critical, informative, independent.

Writers for CONTRAST include J. B. Priestley,
Cecil McGivern, John Bowen, Maurice Wiggin,
Derek Hill, Jacqueline Wheldon, Philip Purser,
R. J. Silvey, David Robinson, W. J. Weatherby,
John Francis Lane.

CONTRAST is published by the
British Film Institute,
81 Dean Street, London, W.1.
Price 3/6d.

CONTRAST



castles, cargoes and camouflage

The scene: Beautiful Angle Bay in Pembrokeshire. Rocky shores that have seen man come and go for centuries—Viking, Roman, and Norman.

But change comes now to Angle Bay. A new deep sea terminal for ocean-going tankers is to be built. A great pipeline is to be laid.

A problem.

How do you accommodate the thrusting 20th century in such a place while maintaining respect for its historic beauty?

The answer is in this new BP colour film, *Angle Bay*.

* ANGLE BAY

20 minutes. 16 or 35 mm. Available on loan to organisations without charge. Get your free copy of the BP film catalogue by writing: Information Department, The British Petroleum Co. Ltd., Britannic House, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2

Overseas applications may be made to the local BP Company



A BP FILM

SIGHT AND SOUND

THE INTERNATIONAL FILM QUARTERLY

CONTENTS AUTUMN

1962

VOLUME 31 NO. 4

FEATURES

- 159** The Front Page
177 In the Picture
180 Visconti's *The Leopard*
182 The Festivals: Venice, Berlin, Edinburgh
189 Film Clips: ARKADIN
206 Correspondence
208 Current Film Guide

ARTICLES

- 160** Interview with John Houseman:
PENELOPE HOUSTON
166 How Art is True?: TOM MILNE
172 The Legion of Lost Films:
HERMAN G. WEINBERG
186 The Unknown Cartoonists: DEREK HILL
198 Two Hours a Week: NORMAN FRUCHTER
201 The Old Lie: DAVID ROBINSON

ON THE COVER: Albert Finney
in Tony Richardson's *Tom Jones*.

FILM REVIEWS

- 191** Lolita: ARLENE CROCE
192 Le Caporal Epinglé: TOM MILNE
193 Accattone: GEOFFREY NOWELL-SMITH
194 Rendezvous at Midnight:
JOHN RUSSELL TAYLOR
194 Advise and Consent: PENELOPE HOUSTON
195 The Boys: PETER JOHN DYER
196 The Life of Adolf Hitler: ROBERT VAS
196 Two Weeks in Another Town:
JOHN RUSSELL TAYLOR
197 Billy Budd: PETER JOHN DYER
197 Hemingway's Adventures of a Young
Man: BRENDA DAVIES
197 Dr. No: PENELOPE HOUSTON

BOOK REVIEWS

- 204** The Immediate Experience:
PETER HARCOURT
205 Japanese Movies: DAVID ROBINSON
205 Dictionnaire du Cinéma: JOHN GILLET

SIGHT AND SOUND is an independent critical magazine sponsored and published by the British Film Institute. It is not an organ for the expression of official British Film Institute policy; signed articles represent the views of their authors, and not necessarily those of the Editorial Board.

Copyright in all articles originally published in SIGHT AND SOUND is reserved. EDITORIAL, PUBLISHING AND ADVERTISING OFFICES: British Film Institute, 81 Dean Street, London, W.1. (Regent 0061). EDITOR: Penelope Houston. ASSOCIATE: Tom Milne. DESIGN: John Harmer, L.S.I.A. EDITORIAL BOARD: Penelope Houston, Stanley Reed, James Quinn, Ernest Lindgren. BUSINESS MANAGER: Desmond Thirlwell. Entered as 2nd class matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Printed in England. Published and distributed in the U.S.A. by SIGHT AND SOUND. All American subscriptions and advertising inquiries should be directed to Eastern News Distributors Inc., 255 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.



THE FRONT PAGE

MARILYN MONROE AND JAMES DEAN, the two stars who seemed, more than anyone else, to sum up the Hollywood of a few years ago: both now dead. The circumstances of their dying—the overdose of sleeping tablets, the crash in a speeding Porsche—belong, with tragic appropriateness, to the B-movie script. Hollywood's own writers might have killed them so on the screen, just as their lives had become an inextricable tangle of public and private appearances, an exploitation of personality and at the same time a submerging of identity into whatever image of them the public wanted. Both had the quality of vulnerability: they looked as though they could easily be hurt. Both were rather more than stars and rather less than actors: on the screen, they could manage to strip away the top layer of personality, convincing us—rightly or wrongly—that we were seeing through to some essential quality of loneliness, some private happiness or despair. Unlike the great Hollywood indestructibles, the Joan Crawfords and Cary Grants born to an eternal stardom, they seemed to belong ineluctably to the uneasy, nervous Hollywood of the last few years.

Dean's death was followed by a wave of necrophiliac emotionalism: the audiences who had chosen to identify themselves with him went into extravagant mourning, making the most of every melancholy relic they could lay their hands on. But this doesn't seem likely to happen in the case of Marilyn Monroe. Rather, there has been a reaction of anger, frustrated pity, a sort of shared guilt summed up in Sir Laurence Olivier's graphic comment that she was "exploited beyond anyone's means." Part of Marilyn's appeal, consistently, was to the audience's protectiveness. Anyone who attended one of her press conferences in London, six years ago, can remember the extraordinary sympathy generated, so that when one reporter seemed to be trembling on the verge of an awkward question, you felt that he would be forcibly silenced if he persisted. The feeling survives. Not, of course, that the newspapers who have been accusing Hollywood, the star system, the exploitation of personality, of conniving to destroy her were not also the first to make capital out of her, in death as in life. Some of the funeral bake-meats have taken a good deal of swallowing.

"A sex symbol becomes a thing. I just hate to be a thing," said Marilyn in the celebrated *Life* interview. Now the pitiful circumstances of her death have again made her a symbol. An era, we are told, is over,

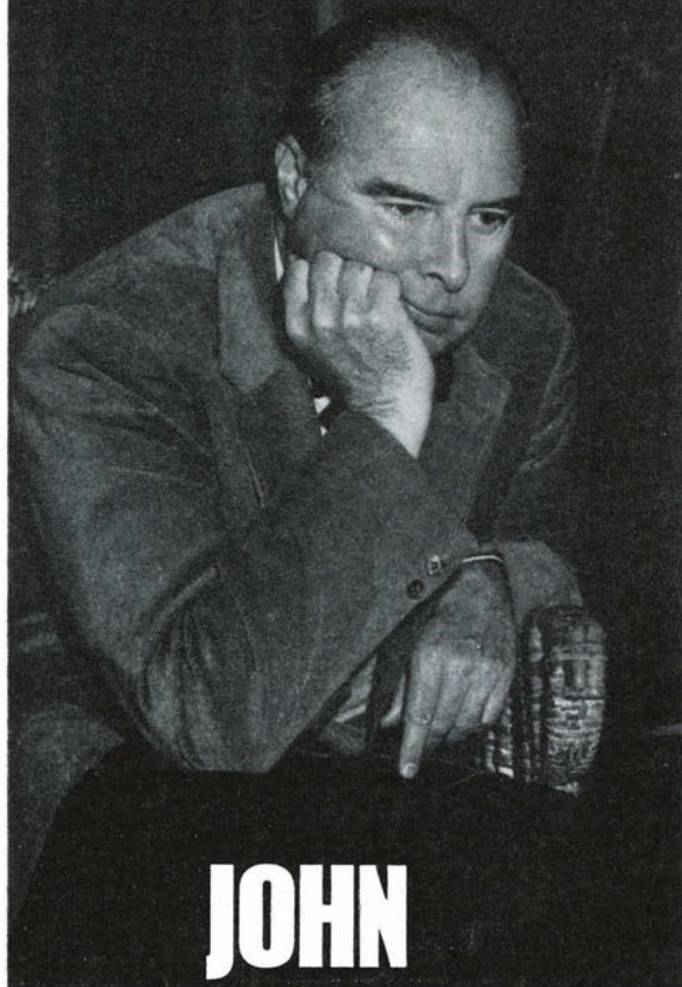
the stars have fallen, Hollywood no longer needs them and no longer makes them. We have, of course, been told all this before: assured that there are only four or five stars in the world big enough to sell a picture in their own right, and then informed, with no less conviction, that performers clearly of much lesser magnitude are in a position to hold the studios to ransom. Fox's much publicised decision to stop production on Marilyn's last picture, *Something's Got to Give*, was presented as a re-assertion of authority; although at the same time pictures are being sold, as they always have been, primarily on personality.

The truth, probably, is that star personality counts for not much less than it ever did, but that Hollywood has surrendered the old, solid confidence that it knew exactly what qualities the public was looking for, and could provide these to order. Efforts—and there were many—to construct a synthetic Monroe failed pitifully. That Marilyn did not know what to do with stardom, and that Hollywood did not know what to do with her, became increasingly and sadly obvious. But this applies to more than a single actress: it is a sign of the uncertain times.

In an interview published in this issue of SIGHT AND SOUND, John Houseman confesses his own increasing bewilderment about the nature of the modern cinema audience, the kind of public a film can be expected to reach and the way they are liable to react to it. This, really, is the problem for contemporary Hollywood and for the entertainment cinema in general; and the uncertainty about whether stars have too much power or too little, are running wild acting as their own producers or are necessary to hold a movie on its box-office course, is only a small part of a much wider anxiety.

The expressions of guilt following Marilyn's death reflect this failure of confidence. The public, as Pauline Kael pointed out in an article earlier this year, has been finding it all too easy to confuse the star on the screen with the star in private life: "the new heroine of our films is the wretched star herself." Exploitation has become so familiar, so desperate, that only a shock pulls everyone up with a jolt to realise that there are real people involved. And the industry, no longer seeing its own way clearly, more readily accepts the imputations of responsibility. If Marilyn Monroe's death symbolises anything, it is disenchantment: the slow fading of a dream, and one dreamt not only by the star ("It's nice to be included in people's fantasies," she said, "but you also like to be accepted for your own sake"), but also by the industry and the public which created her.

INTERVIEW WITH



JOHN HOUSEMAN

PENELOPE
HOUSTON

PARTNER WITH ORSON WELLES in the Mercury Theatre, producer of *The Seven Lively Arts* and *Playhouse 90* on television, ex-director of the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Connecticut, Broadway director, radio writer, occasional university lecturer and one-time Chief of Radio Programming for the Overseas Branch of the U.S. Office of War Information, John Houseman has managed to fit seventeen films into a Hollywood career totalling not much more than twelve years. Starting in the mid-Forties—though there had been a brief excursion in 1941, as associate producer with David Selznick—he produced at Paramount, at R.K.O., at Universal, then as contract producer with M-G-M; now after an absence of several years he is back again at M-G-M.

He has worked with Vincente Minnelli (*The Bad and the Beautiful*, *The Cobweb*, *Lust for Life*, *Two Weeks in Another Town*), Fritz Lang (*Moonfleet*), Max Ophüls (*Letter from an Unknown Woman*), Joseph Mankiewicz (*Julius Caesar*), Robert Wise (*Executive Suite*). Other productions: Nicholas Ray's *They Live By Night* and *On Dangerous Ground*, John Frankenheimer's *All Fall Down*, George Marshall's *The Blue Dahlia* (from a Raymond Chandler script). With the dwindling ranks of Hollywood's genuinely creative producers, the record looks even solidier than it would have done a few years ago.

Beneath the relaxed, even soothing exterior, there is clearly a dynamo energy. Last time we met him, he was lunching in London, dining in Paris (for a preview of *All Fall Down*), then flying on to Los Angeles for a theatre dress rehearsal. This time he is established here more permanently, although also taking in a flying trip to Rome to look at costumes for a forthcoming opera production in Dallas. He is here to produce *In the Cool of the Day*, an Anglo-American love story starring Peter Finch and Jane Fonda, directed by Robert Stevens, whose luckless beginning in pictures with *I Thank a Fool* followed some much more substantial work in American TV. Just back from a long day at the studio ("every day when you're making a picture is a bad day; if you think it's been a good day it's always a delusion") Mr. Houseman began by talking about his new picture and its director.

"GEOGRAPHICALLY THE PICTURE IS DIVIDED INTO THREE sections—roughly twenty per cent American, twenty per cent English, and the rest Greek. But because we have a close and threatening stop-date on our leading lady, the picture is split, for us, into two sharply defined sections—"Jane Fonda" and "post-Jane Fonda". I asked Metro to sign Robert Stevens to direct it after working with him in television. As you may know, he did many of the best of those Hitchcock thirty-minute suspense numbers. Then, with the same writer who's done our present film script, Meade Roberts, he did a very remarkable show for me: Henry James' *The Wings of the Dove*.

In it we really achieved the emotional toughness that underlies all of James' work. Thurber, who, it seems, had a life-long passion for this particular novel, wrote a rhapsodic piece about our version of it which is included in his last

book of essays. Of course, there were all sorts of things we couldn't get into the TV show—much of the London Society stuff, the funeral in Venice and so on—and I'd love one day to do a film version of it. So far I've got absolutely nowhere with the idea at Metro or anywhere else.

Is this the sort of production that is very difficult to set up now?

Any production of quality and originality is difficult to set up, but I never found one yet that you couldn't set up sooner or later if you wanted to badly enough. The real problem with American films today is not how you set them up but *who you are making them for*. There are still a few of our movie-makers who know—or think they know: Disney has a pretty clear notion of where he is aiming his pictures; so, I suppose, does Ross Hunter, who makes a particular kind of "woman's picture", and Kramer who works with one eye on the headlines. Others who go their merry way are Wilder, who follows his fancies, and Pasternak, who shrewdly plays his showman's

hunches. But most of us face this harassing dilemma—that we are working in a mass medium that has lost its mass audience and won't admit it.

Once upon a time, under the umbrella of the "automatic" audience, you could sneak in an occasional project you were excited about and expect it to reach a certain percentage of the public. Today that assurance has vanished. I made a film last year called *All Fall Down*, based on a novel of moderate sales, directed by John Frankenheimer from a script by William Inge. It cost a million six, which is modest by current studio standards. It was never intended as a blockbuster. Predictably, it received a violently mixed press. It was officially nominated as one of the two United States entries at the Cannes festival. I believe there *is* an audience for that picture, but the way it was released and promoted I'm not sure *that* audience ever saw it. In fact I haven't the faintest idea who saw it, but I suspect that three-quarters of the people who did see it expected to see something quite different and went away feeling deceived and disappointed.

Do you think this is something that has just happened, or do you think Hollywood threw away its audience?

No, it's been happening over the years, inexorably. Television has a lot to do with it, of course, and this may explain the higher creative energy to be found among film-makers working in countries where television has not yet become the dominant medium. These men make films because they have something they want to say—to themselves and to their friends and enemies—and films are their most potent and satisfying means of saying it. In America, nowadays, few films are made out of strong personal conviction. Most of our movie-makers have spent so many years turning out expensive film versions of other people's successes that they have lost faith in the efficacy of their own medium.

Did you know, for instance, what audience a film like Letter from an Unknown Woman could expect?

We thought we did but, as it turned out, we couldn't have timed the film worse. It was a disaster—critically and financially. It was released at a period when a very strong reaction was blowing up against so-called "escapism" in favour of a native brand of neo-realism. *Letter* (which was not escapist but romantic) was generally misunderstood on its first American release. Then, little by little and mainly on the rebound from Europe, people began to see the film's qualities, till it finally found its mass audience—on television!

Two of your pictures—Letter from an Unknown Woman and They Live By Night—were really discovered here, weren't they?

Few of my films have been immediately or entirely successful in America. *They Live By Night* had an odd history. Although it was a small picture by unknown people, a kind of excitement was generated around it under its original title, *Your Red Wagon*. Then, before it could be released, Howard Hughes bought R.K.O., and for three years the picture lay in his vaults—together with Robert Wise's *The Set-Up*. Finally, when Hughes was thinking of selling the company, they took these films out of the vaults and dumped them. *They Live By Night* was completely ignored on its first native release, as a B-picture, and was never really seen in America till much later, on television. At the time, one of the few people who saw in it what European critics saw was Iris Barry. She put it on for a special show at the Museum of

Modern Art in New York and was criticised by some of her highbrow friends, who wondered what she was doing slipping a "gangster" picture into her series of distinguished films.

It was shown in England at the Academy with a similar film, The Window. The two films were shown as an art house programme and reviewed like that long before people began talking about art houses. Do you think that if the mass market is dominated by the blockbuster there might be any point in bypassing it and making films for the art houses?

The easy answer is yes. But I'm afraid it's not quite that simple. Those of us who work with some success in the mass media in America are accustomed to making the sort of money that simply cannot be earned in the art houses. I think the time is coming when we will have to make our choice: to make the kind of film we keep saying we want to make or to go on trying to make the kind of money we have grown accustomed to making. I don't know if you read a recent issue of *Film Quarterly*, in which we had the usual round-table discussion about the present parlous state of Hollywood. We were all being frightfully self-righteous and impatient—including two or three of us with six-figure incomes. Finally the question was raised about the earnings of the men whose "freedom to create in film" we had been sitting there envying. Someone mentioned the case of Mr. Fellini. *La Dolce Vita* is by any commercial standards a smash; yet, as I understand it, Fellini himself made less than thirty thousand dollars out of what, for him, represented an enormous investment of energy, courage and talent and three years of his creative life. God knows what Antonioni makes, a year, on his pictures, or Truffaut or Cayatte or Buñuel or even Bergman. You can't have it both ways: if you want to make pictures for that particular market you must be prepared to settle for the limited returns which



Marlon Brando as Mark Antony in the Houseman-Mankiewicz "Julius Caesar".



Joan Fontaine in "Letter from an Unknown Woman" "... not escapist but romantic."

that market offers; your films must be made and your life lived on that basis.

In spite of its occasional, and sometimes accidental, commercial haymakers (*Dolce Vita*, *Marienbad* et al) the Art Theatre circuit cannot sustain Hollywood salaries. How many American film-makers are willing to swap their lingering dreams of a universal audience for these limited rewards? I don't know. One thing is certain. The major studios cannot make the switch. They can't even afford to make medium-priced pictures any more. They must look to the blockbuster—to that handful of box-office miracles which have kept the American film industry alive over the past decade, and on which Hollywood today is so desperately counting for survival: *Quo Vadis*, *The Ten Commandments*, *Ben-Hur*, the still unborn *Cleopatra* and *Mutiny on the Bounty*. These are all special items—phenomenal monsters capable, through their enormous accumulations of production overheads and releasing percentages, of keeping the major studios afloat for a few more months or years. Yet as films they remain circus items, whose success or failure doesn't in the long run affect the future of film-art or even of film-business.

Television, Hollywood and Independence

You went out of films yourself for several years. Presumably you came back because things seemed easier again.

I went out of films for personal reasons which really have nothing to do with this conversation. I was in New York on holiday in the summer of 1956 soon after *Lust for Life*, when Dore Schary and the administration of which I had formed a part for five years was ousted from M-G-M. The prospect of working with an unsympathetic "front office", the feeling that I was getting stale, and an offer from the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre at Stratford, Connecticut, to be their Artistic Director for the next three years—all these made the return to Culver City seem unattractive. Then soon afterwards

I was offered a most attractive TV programme of my own—a cultural circus known as *The Seven Lively Arts*.

Seven Lively Arts endured for only one season—which was sad but not surprising. While it lasted, we had absolute freedom and we made the most of it. Some of our shows were poor, some memorable. Each one excited us. After we folded I stayed at C.B.S. as one of the producers of *Playhouse 90*, which was another exceptional show. I was lucky in TV and felt that it was giving me greater scope and opportunity than I would have enjoyed in theatrical movies at the time.

To give you just one example. There was a property I bought in the forties: a magazine article called *The Blast in Centralia Number Five* by John Bartlow Martin, a brilliant newspaperman who's now U.S. Ambassador to the Dominican Republic. It was the very well-organised and documented account of a mine disaster in Illinois which everyone knew for five years was bound to happen and which no-one did anything to prevent. When it finally occurred, it killed 127 men. The article raised the question of responsibility and concluded that their death was no single person's fault—but everyone's. Dore Schary and I tried to set this up as a film, first at R.K.O. and later on at M-G-M. At both studios the legal departments refused to touch it. I talked to Stanley Kramer who was still in his early independent days, and who'd asked me to work with him. He liked the project; and we were all set to make it—I directing and he producing. Then Kramer joined Columbia, and within a month the Columbia legal people told us to forget it. Nine years later, it was produced on *Seven Lively Arts* with George Roy Hill as director. It was a touching and wonderful show. Last year he and I talked about remaking it as a movie, but decided not to. We both felt that it had found its medium.

That's really a digression, but it's an example of why, in those days, commercial television seemed a happier and freer medium than commercial movies. Two and a half years ago I resigned from the Festival Theatre, after an argument with the trustees. This coincided with a period of deterioration in television, when half-hour "series" were taking over the air and shows like *Playhouse 90* were being dropped with a bang. I had an offer to go back to Hollywood and took it, believing that the constipation which for some years had been obstructing the free, creative flow of American movies, was nearing its end. Since then I've made three films in two years. I'm not sure how many more there'll be, mainly because of my own perplexity over the artistic and economic problems besetting American movies. I don't like to make films unless I have some sort of conviction about them: at the moment I am having difficulty finding one.

In the "Film Quarterly" discussion I believe you said that there wasn't really a great deal of difference between a producer like yourself, working for a big studio, and an independent.

Well, first let's qualify what we mean by independent.

That's what I'd like to know. What do we mean?

The term is often misused. There are few truly independent movie-makers in America and those few have had a rough time. There are dozens of finished feature films of various sizes floating around the country, many of which will never be seen on a theatre screen—probably for good reason. But the bulk of serious "independent" production is financed by a small number of companies. Leaders in the field are United Artists (working through the Mirisch brothers and others) and the rapidly growing Seven Arts. They also include the New York offices of the major studios acting as releasing agents. These companies are making mostly high-priced pictures; they run

in the big-time rat-race in which up to three-quarters of a million dollars is paid to a star, half a million for a property—and so on. In making such pictures they are bound to follow, to some extent, many of the old studio habits and patterns. Still, without the encrusted barnacles of established custom and accumulated overhead, their operation tends to be freer and their merchandising more flexible than that of the producing studios. They also tend to show a more sympathetic attitude toward the creative personnel of their productions*. Wilder, for instance, enjoys an independence that no studio could possibly give him. And I'm sure that Robert Wise as producer-director and Jerome Robbins as co-director of *West Side Story* were freer to develop that picture's particular style and unusual work-methods than if they had been studio employees. To this extent there is a difference. But let's not over-estimate the independence of today's producers.

Is it true, as one sometimes reads, that the agents are really running Hollywood today?

It was partly true until about a month ago when M.C.A. suddenly went out of business. (This was the climax of a long and complicated squabble between the U.S. Government and M.C.A., which, in its dual function of producer and agent, was held by the Department of Justice to be in violation of the Anti-Monopoly laws.) It is true that M.C.A., in its various operations, had become extremely powerful in Hollywood and never hesitated to use its power. It is also true that while the studios drifted along, hoping for miracles and without any clear plans for the future, M.C.A. was developing a very clear notion of where the business was going, which way they wanted it to go and how they could profit by its changes. Since M.C.A.'s personnel is realistic, shrewd and very efficient, I think the American film industry will profit, in more ways than one, by this metamorphosis from a super-agency into an avowed producing organisation.

One feels increasingly that Hollywood is being kept going by the old guard directors—the Hitchcocks and Wilders and Wyllers—that there is very little new talent coming up except from television. What do you think about this?

There is little talent coming into films from the outside—and no wonder, for employment is shrinking and opportunities are few. Almost without exception the new movie-makers have come in from television; and they are good, for they have learnt their business in a hard and demanding school. For ten years these young TV directors were doing pretty much what film-makers were doing in the early days of movies: they were turning out ten to twenty shows a year, under constant difficulties and pressures of time, yet with considerable freedom to improvise and every encouragement to use their imagination and invention. This training made it easy for them to move into a world that was largely peopled by spoiled and tired men. Their creative effect on the technique of film-making is only just beginning to be felt. I believe it will be considerable, especially if they are permitted to devote themselves to film-making rather than to strategy and accounting. Most rising young directors today spend fewer hours on creative work than they do with their agents and lawyers, figuring how they can run their salaries from five to six figures a picture, and, having accomplished that, how they can convert these same earnings into less taxable capital gains.

*In this respect, Big-Studio behaviour has seriously deteriorated during the past few years. Under the spur of panic studio managers and sales executives are becoming guilty of habitual interference and mutilations which they would not have presumed to practise upon the work of accredited directors and producers a few years ago.—J.H.



Donna Corcoran and Jon Whiteley in "Moonfleet".

Welles, Minnelli and Chandler

Could we go back to the beginning, to Orson Welles: how instrumental were you in getting him to Hollywood?

Not at all. He was instrumental in getting *me* there. We were founders and partners in the Mercury Theatre, in addition to which Orson had his radio show, the Mercury Theatre of the Air, on which I worked as writer, editor and associate producer. After the "Men From Mars" scandal he became a world figure and was immediately invited to Hollywood and offered an RKO contract to write, direct, act and everything else. As his partner I went along, and we continued to do the radio show from California. In fact we broke up about eight months later because of differences over the running of the Mercury organisation.

By then we had done some work together on *Heart of Darkness*, which was to have been his first picture at RKO, and on something called *The Smiler with the Knife*. After I'd gone back East, Orson continued trying to find a subject. We had a mutual and very brilliant friend, Herman Mankiewicz, a celebrated Hollywood figure, who had recently broken his leg under tragicomic circumstances that I haven't time to go into. Having goaded each studio in turn into dismissing him, he had sunk to working on some of our radio shows. Orson arrived one night in New York, and over dinner told me that Mankiewicz had come up with an idea for a movie: a multi-faceted story about William Randolph Hearst in which Orson would play the title-part and direct. He asked me whether I would work with Mankiewicz as editor and collaborator on the script. I agreed and returned to Hollywood. After several conferences, at which Mankiewicz continued to develop his ideas, we moved him—nurse, plaster cast and all—up to a place in the mountains called Victorville, about a hundred miles from Los Angeles. There we installed ourselves on a guest ranch. Mankiewicz wrote, I mostly edited and the nurse was bored. Orson drove out once for dinner. At the end of

three months we returned to Los Angeles with the 220 page script of *Kane*, later called *Citizen Kane*.

This is a delicate subject: I think Welles has always sincerely felt that he, single-handed, wrote *Kane* and everything else that he has directed—except, possibly, the plays of Shakespeare. But the script of *Kane* was essentially Mankiewicz's. The conception and the structure were his, all the dramatic Hearstian mythology and the journalistic and political wisdom which he had been carrying around with him for years and which he now poured into the only serious job he ever did in a lifetime of film writing. But Orson turned *Kane* into a film: the dynamics and the tensions are his and the brilliant cinematic effects—all those visual and aural inventions that add up to make *Citizen Kane* one of the world's great movies—those were pure Orson Welles.

Do you think what has happened to Welles was inevitable?

What has happened to Welles? What do people mean when they ask that question? Welles has a substantial body of brilliant work to his credit. I'm sure there's more to come. To complain that he hasn't ground out his annual quota of masterpieces is like complaining that Leonardo only left a few paintings behind him and a bunch of drawings, that some of the paintings haven't lasted because he used the wrong kind of paint, and what the hell was the man thinking of not to accomplish as much as Titian or Rubens? Orson is a prodigious but capricious worker; he has lived his life exactly as he wanted to. We, his friends and associates from the early days, always supposed that having started so early, he must also end early. We assumed that he would be carried off in middle age by some ghastly glandular disturbance, or else disappear on a freighter and turn up as a missionary on some obscure South Sea island. Since he has done neither, I can only assume that he'll soon come up with a fresh masterpiece: I hope—*The Trial*. Orson is a very extraordinary artist with the gift of magic. *Kane* is filled with a personal magic so intense and durable that the film actually seems to get better and more immediate as the years go by.

You've made more pictures with Vincente Minnelli than with any other director. What are your feelings about his work?

Minnelli is a skilled and versatile director, often underestimated by critics because of his eclecticism and because of his tendency to do too many films—sometimes films that don't really interest him. Recent complaints about his excessive chiaroscuro and over-elaborate camera movements may be

justified from an economic point of view, but should not be attributed to mere self-indulgence or a deterioration of his talent. Rather, I think it is a form of technical compensation for a lack of emotional involvement in his recent films for which he and his employers must share the blame. My own working relations with him have been excellent when we have had a challenging script—strained when we were unprepared, confused or over-tired. Minnelli is the kind of director who finds it hard to function in Hollywood's present creative confusion; being an executant rather than an originator, he suffers grievously from the current dearth of imaginative film material.

Why is there this difficulty over material? Is it that the writers aren't there?

The writers are always there. I believe that the industry is now facing the consequences of its long neglect of creative film writing. In trying to play it safe with "pre-sold" properties and established successes, it has become almost entirely a transmitter and a populariser of other people's work. Consequently, there are fewer and fewer original movies being made there—almost none that add substantial values to the successful novels or plays on which they are based. If you consistently fail to contribute any unique and special qualities to the art-form in which you're working—then, sooner or later, that art-form declines and withers.

I suppose there are very few of your own pictures which haven't been adaptations.

A good question. And it is not a valid excuse for me to repeat that it is difficult, in Hollywood today, to bring an original story to the screen. The way the companies are run, and have been for years, the front office prefers to spend its money on something that has already proved its success elsewhere—on stage, screen or even TV. I can claim, however, that several of my pictures, though based on printed material, do, in fact, qualify as original films. *The Bad and the Beautiful* is one; *Lust for Life* is another. So is *They Live By Night*. Raymond Chandler's *The Blue Dahlia*, of course, was entirely original.

Two of your first three films were written by Raymond Chandler. We've had Chandler on Hollywood in his recent book of letters. What was he like to work with?

I loved him dearly. I have two fascinating letters from him about Hollywood which should have appeared in that collection, but since I am always moving, leaving my files behind in different places, I was unable to dig them out and send them to the editors in time. One is a personal letter that is flattering and kind. The other is less agreeable and much more interesting. I'd written a magazine piece in the forties for *Vogue* about "tough" pictures, in which I'd spoken disparagingly of Chandler's hero Philip Marlowe, whom I described as a "drab and melancholy man of limited intelligence who works for fifty dollars a week and for his pains gets occasionally laid and more frequently beaten up." It was a frivolous piece, and it made Ray angry. He wrote me a long, serious letter saying that this illustrated just the kind of low thinking and crummy values that made him loathe Hollywood producers. In his opinion, Marlowe and his kind were the only honest men left in contemporary society: they did their assigned jobs and took their money; they were not acquisitive, they were not trying to take over the world or inflict their ambitions or greeds on



Hollywood in Rome: "Two Weeks in Another Town".



Hollywood on Hollywood: "The Bad and the Beautiful".

other people. Marlowe's, in fact, was the only attitude which a self-respecting, decent man could hold in today's rapacious and violent world. It was part truth, part nonsense, but it made a wonderful letter.

Chandler hadn't a good word for Hollywood, had he?

He hadn't many good words for anyone or anything. That's because he was a shy and sentimental man. He was half-English, as you probably know, and had been to school at Dulwich. Whenever he was unusually upset by something at the studio, he'd take me aside and appeal to me as a fellow public-school man to sympathise with his maltreatment at the hands of the barbarians. The first picture we did together (*The Unseen*) was nothing but a "polish-job" for him; *The Blue Dahlia* was something he'd started as a book, couldn't finish and decided to turn into a movie. Actually that whole picture was written and shot in fourteen weeks, because Alan Ladd had to go into the Army and Paramount had to have a film of his to show while he was gone. The first half was good, but the conclusion was weak as in most whodunits.

Producing and Directing

You were working then as an associate producer?

That was my title; actually I was doing exactly what I do now. There was a period when studio-heads called themselves Executive Producers and everybody else was ranked as an associate. Nowadays we own our own companies, but we remain studio producers just the same.

I remember that when Julius Caesar was shown everyone assumed that the film was as much yours as Joseph Mankiewicz'. How do you see a producer's responsibility, and what are the problems?

One of his problems is never to get the reputation of encroaching on his collaborators' credit! On *Julius Caesar* there was the special circumstance that I had enjoyed a long and creditable career in New York as a producer and director of the plays of Shakespeare. I chose Joseph Mankiewicz (brother of Herman) to direct the film because I felt he was our best American director of intelligent dramatic dialogue. Having jointly decided to present *Julius Caesar* as a political and personal tragedy, and not as a spectacle, Joe and I worked together closely and in complete harmony on text, casting and production ideas. After that, during the three weeks of rehearsal and the entire shooting period, it was entirely Joe's picture—as it always must be the director's. In fact, the creative producer's main job is to organise and guide a production without interfering with the work of the various collaborators whom he has chosen. Over the years, I've worked with only two directors whose work I did not admire and one whom I really disliked. I think in most cases directors have found that I've shielded them from interference and that once we had agreed on the style and tone of the work, I didn't seriously bother them. On all of my pictures I have worked very closely with the writer, from the beginning to the end. This presents a peril: you can get so possessively involved with a script that you find yourself defending it—right or wrong—not only against the front office but also against the director and the actors who are trying to bring it to life.

Are you on the set or thereabouts all the time?

Not all the time. But I'm usually available if the director wants me, and I have no hesitation in talking with him on the set if I feel it necessary to clarify what I feel to be the intention

(Continued on page 207)

"Yes, I improvised a good deal (in *La Règle du Jeu*)... I am rather like a man setting off with a bouquet of flowers in his hand to make a declaration of love. On the way he goes over and over the speech he is going to make about her eyes, her voice, her beauty, and of course singing his own praises a little. Then, standing before her, he offers the flowers and says something quite different. Nevertheless, the fact that he prepared his speech has been of some help."—Jean Renoir, interviewed by Jacques Rivette and François Truffaut, *Cahiers du Cinéma*, No. 34, 1954.



IN 1957, TRUFFAUT FORECAST IN *Arts* that "The film of tomorrow will be an act of love." Today this is true in two senses. In the first place, there are more and more films like *Bob le Flambeur*, *A Bout de Souffle*, *L'Avventura*, *Lola* and *Jules et Jim* whose creative mainspring, and main effect on the audience, is the sheer pleasure of film-making; even films like *Marienbad*, *Il Posto*, *Paris Nous Appartient*, have a touch of it, a flavour which was lacking from, say, the Italian neo-realists. Not that this is entirely new, but previously one had to hunt much wider and further before finding such examples as *Boudu sauvé des Eaux*, with Renoir's joy in the power of the camera to move with animal grace and freedom, or *The Sun Shines Bright*, reflecting Ford's personal delectation from first to last shot. And in the second place, the essence of the act of love is spontaneity, without which it is doomed to failure. Hence the new-found glory of the cinema, fast becoming enthroned as a god: improvisation.

Everybody is doing it, from Rouch in his ethnographical adventures to *Shadows* (which solemnly declared at the end, The Film You Have Just Seen

HOW ART IS TRUE

TOM MILNE

Was an Improvisation) to *The Connection* (which pretended to be an improvisation) to *A Bout de Souffle* (which was one) to a humbler commercial venture like Clive Donner's *Some People* (where there is a brief scene in which the actors are left alone to invent their dialogue, embarrassedly muttering sweet nothings for a few moments before plunging back with relief, and very obviously, into the script). All in a quest for those elusive quantities—truth and reality.

The history of the cinema is littered with attempts to pin reality down in one guise or another: Feuillade's early use of low-life settings in his *Vie telle qu'elle est* series, the Russian cinema's battery of grained and massively alive faces, Delluc's subjective probing of the mind and memory, Dziga-Vertov's Kino-Eye and Flaherty's study of primitive peoples, the British documentary school, the Italian neo-realists, to name only a handful. Viewed today, some fare better than others (e.g. Stroheim, Renoir, where reality is transformed by the artist's eye), but for the most part they seem at best to have achieved half-truths, like Flaherty's objective documentaries; and today Jean Rouch transports his camera to Africa, not to discover what Flaherty thought Nanook was like, but what Nanook thinks Nanook is like. Where Flaherty observed Nanook and recorded what he saw, Rouch also observes his



Africans, but tries to push and probe them into revealing what lies beneath the surface. In *Moi, un Noir*, when his protagonist wants to play-act at being Edward G. Robinson, Rouch lets him do it, indeed encourages him to do it, on the assumption that this is *real*, that this is the African with his inferiority-superiority, aggressive-passivity, his absorption and transformation of the white man's image—rather than the expected poor, naive, oppressed black. Perhaps the image of the Edward G. Robinson negro is as illusory in its reality as Nanook listening in wonder to his first gramophone record, but at least it takes a step further in the quest.

The tendency in the modern cinema has been a move towards a position where the whole complexity of human nature might be grasped, towards a much less cosily defined or codified view of behaviour. Instead of presenting a situation in which, for example, a woman kills her child, and then building a story to explain why she does it, directors like Bresson and Antonioni posit a character or situation, fill in the entirely natural background, emotion and behaviour round it, then sit back happily to say, "Well, there you are." All the signals, telling the spectators exactly why she killed her child, and whether they should be hostile or sympathetic, are withdrawn. Inevitably this means that the director has to be much more precise in presenting the essence of the character: every tiny shade of personality, gesture or experience counts, as being the only thing with which the spectator is going to be presented, and from which he must draw his conclusions. Obviously, the actor (or personage) is of paramount importance. One false gesture or intonation, and the whole facade crumbles. Just as the neo-realists used non-actors because they feared that actors, bringing with them the stodge and gloss of technique and studio conventions, would make a crack in their carefully constructed facade of everyday reality (and what is plump, glossy, well-fed little Enzo Staiola doing as a hungry urchin in *Bicycle Thieves*?), so Antonioni and Bresson use actors as non-actors.

When Antonioni uses Monica Vitti in *L'Avventura* and Jeanne Moreau in *La Notte*, or Bresson uses Maria Casarès in *Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne* and Leterrier (an actor, despite the fact that he had not acted before) in *Un Condamné à Mort*, they are not asking these actors to present a dramatic character, but are using them, consciously, as pegs to hang a dramatic character on, and as sounding-boards from whose physical presence they can draw the flesh and blood of the character. This is not quite the same thing as, for example, Eisenstein's use of the actor as a plastic object, a shape to be moulded along with other forms to complete his conception. Antonioni and Bresson know what they want just as well as Eisenstein, and subjugate the actor just as ruthlessly, but their conception only lives fully when completed by something drawn from *within* the actor, an inner reality which perhaps neither actor nor director knows is there until it is extracted. As Bresson puts it: "an authentic expression is something you cannot invent. But when you have managed to trap it, it is splendid."

* * *

Gone are the good old days of the great stars, when one knew exactly what one was going to get, and it was more than enough: the inscrutable velvety depths of Garbo, or Bette Davis, splendidly tantrumous, Gabin's morose warmth or

Anna Karina in "*Vivre sa Vie*" (far left); Jean-Paul Belmondo in "*Une Femme est une Femme*" (left).



A genuine improvisation: Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg in "A Bout de Souffle".

Dietrich's husky provocation. "I am going to surprise myself," Valéry used to say when settling down to work, instead of the usual "I am going to write"; and this is exactly what is demanded of the actor today. Consider Jeanne Moreau, for example, obviously an excellent actress in the conventional sense (*Les Amants*, *Moderato Cantabile*), but with an enormous range, and an ability to give the director, or enable him to capture, exactly what he wants. In Vadim's *Liaisons Dangereuses* /1960, with an unsettling resemblance to Bette Davis, having a whale of a time giving a real old-time performance, every bit as extravagant and every bit as penetrating as Gloria Swanson in *Sunset Boulevard*. In *La Notte*, enabling Antonioni to strip her, harshly, objectively and systematically, down to the bare marrow of her existence. Little wonder that she is said to have no great fondness for a film which revealed her so starkly, but the balance is redressed by Truffaut in *Jules et Jim*. Here she is again vulnerable and unhappy, but Truffaut catches a simplicity and naturalness, an element of *fantaisie*, which is entirely new and wholly enchanting—and nowhere better than in the fun and games of the Riviera scenes, or the sequence when she ventures out dressed as a boy, which are the most obviously improvised in the film. So far, so good, and bully for improvisation, probably just as much responsible as Truffaut for this revelatory image of Jeanne Moreau.

But improvisation is being hailed (especially in America, on the basis of films like *Shadows* and *Pull My Daisy*, and camera-eye actualities such as *On the Bowery* and *The Savage Eye*) as the theoretical be-all and end-all of truth and reality in modern cinematic art. "It was in his quest for inner freedom that the new artist came to improvisation. The young American filmmaker, like the young painter, musician, actor, resists his society. He knows that everything he has learned from his society about life and death is false. He cannot, therefore, arrive at any true creation, creation as revelation of truth, by re-working and re-hashing ideas, images and feelings that are dead and inflated—he has to descend much deeper, below all that clutter, he has to escape the centrifugal force of every-

thing he has learned from his society. His spontaneity, his anarchy, even his passivity are his acts of freedom." (Jonas Mekas, *Film Culture*, No. 24, 1962)

Well, yes. But things are in an unhealthy state of inflation when even a film like *The Connection*, based on an already extant play, shot entirely in a specially-constructed set, with a cast who (with one exception) had already sweated out a long run in the stage version, is not only given the ethos of an improvisation, but faked to look as though it were one. In the theatre, where conventions are conventions, and everybody knows that everybody knows this, it works. But in the cinema, where real addicts *could* be possible (c.f. Rogosin's *On the Bowery* with its real wino bums), but everybody knows that the junkies and the director who is supposed to be making a film about them are *not* real, then the fiction is meaningless.

The danger of improvisation when deified to the point where anything rough or unpolished is automatically considered more real, somehow more true than the shaped work of art, is that it may provide a cosy refuge for ramshackle or slipshod work. *Pull My Daisy*, for example, actually was improvised, and most of it looks like a wearily photographed charade played at some semi-intellectual cocktail party. The best thing about it is Jack Kerouac's commentary, which he recorded without preparation simultaneously with his first viewing of the film. The result is often funny, often meaningless, occasionally penetrating; but the point about this commentary is that (unless Kerouac has second sight) it has been synchronised on the completed film slightly in advance of the images which prompted his words. The result is, strictly speaking, the artistic *use* of an improvisation rather than an improvisation pure and simple. As such it is much more successful than the improvised dialogue in Morris Engel's *Weddings and Babies*, caught in its pure state by his use of a hand-held camera with synchronous sound system (the same method used by Rouch in *Chronique d'un Été* to enable him to catch a "moment of truth" as it actually happened, and which worked best when the "happening" was planned, as in Marceline's monologue while walking through the empty streets, dredging up her memories of a childhood spent in a concentration camp).

The improvisational techniques laid down by Stanislavsky were, in fact, merely an aid to the actor, and not an end in themselves. They were useful in that they stimulated the imagination, enabled the actor to liberate himself from inhibitions, gaucheries, untruthfulness, or the slick repetition of a performance unchanged from play to play; helped him to dig down into himself for emotional and physical truth, so as to merge himself wholly with a character; or, by improvising on a text (e.g. improvising a version of *Macbeth* in terms of gangsters and tommy-guns before actually playing the text itself) could help to clarify the narrative line and meaning of the text, as well as the characters. And Renoir, for example, has always used improvisation in this way, to improve a script or performance or sequence—as a *means* to an end, not an end in itself. With the result that Renoir's films grow in truth as the years go by. In *Shadows*, however, the actors' improvisations constitute the film. Obviously they were rehearsed, sometimes over and over again, but the original improvisations, even though improved perhaps out of all recognition in the film as we know it, were still an end rather than a means to something.

At the time *Shadows* was a revelation, but I doubt if it will grow in stature as any true work of art should do. A recent re-viewing, after a mere two years, suggests that it is settling back instead into the "minor, interesting" category. The racial tensions now seem a little obvious, and Ben Carruthers'

mooching beatness a little too sub-Brando. The scenes in the sleazy bar, where the three boys chat inarticulately to the floozies they have picked up, have lost the feeling they once had of contemporary living and cause faint embarrassment, as if the actors cannot think of anything to say. The one moment which still comes over with a true bang of astonishment is the one in which Lelia, after being cast off by Tony when he realises that she is coloured, is talked into a date with an amiable coloured boy and keeps him waiting for two and a half hours, while her brothers look on, amused. When he complains, Lelia and her brothers are suddenly drawn together in a moment of hysterical, cavorting glee, as if celebrating the fact that they are in while he is out. Here the camera, suddenly edgily moving in as if taken unawares and not quite sure what is going on, catches a brilliant moment, a moment which illuminates its context in the film: Lelia, the coloured girl who passed for white and has been caught out, is tormenting the man whom she resents for not being white, and her brothers close in to share her excited triumph. In this scene—for the first and only time in *Shadows*—the direction has the same spontaneity as the acting, the spontaneity which characterises the younger French directors.

* * *

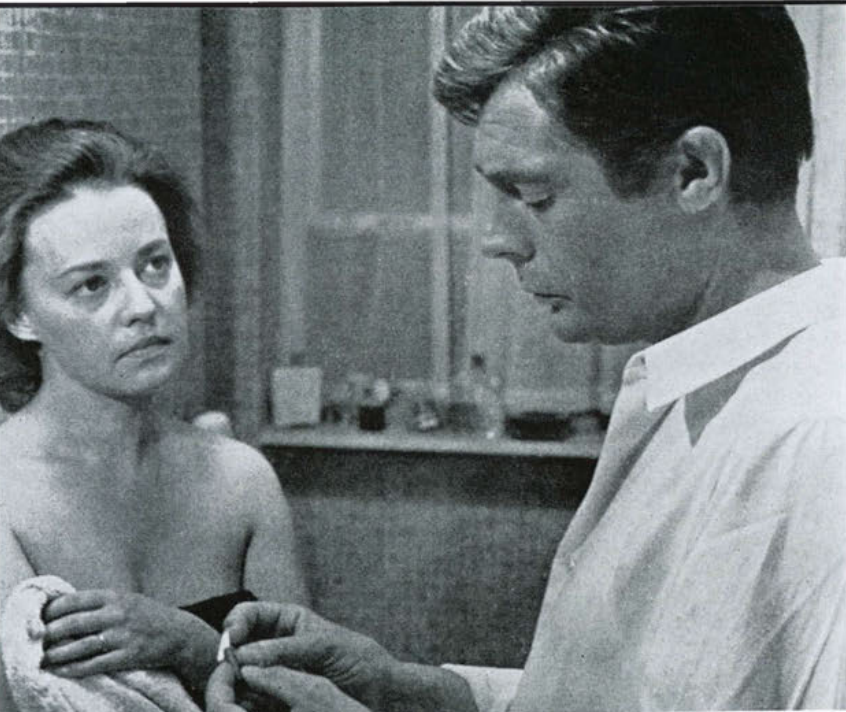
As Jean-Pierre Lefebvre phrases it (*Objectif 62*, July '62) with reference to Truffaut: "He builds a film as an architect builds a house, now in terms of a colour which he likes, now in terms of an error, an ink blot on a piece of paper, now in terms of a personal feeling . . ." Or in the case of Godard, in *A Bout de Souffle* and *Une Femme est une Femme*, making his

characters improvise, and seizing on a moment which he finds extraordinary, using it in an extraordinary way. Cassavetes, on the other hand, usually reacts to his actors' improvisations without spontaneity, often turning them unnecessarily into clichés. In *Une Femme est une Femme*, when Anna Karina burns her husband's dinner and improvises a *reductio ad absurdum* to prove that he would really rather have had an egg anyway, the improvisation is not a particularly good one (it is an old gag, the mainstay of Abbott & Costello comedy), but it is the spontaneity of Godard's use of it that makes it work. In *Shadows*, on the other hand, when Ben Carruthers leaves home after a row, bitterly resentful of his white skin and coloured blood, he improvises the use of the rhyme "Mary had a little lamb/Its fleece was white as snow" to express his mood. In the film this fails totally, not so much because it isn't good, but because Cassavetes has reacted to it conventionally, using it immediately after the row, with Ben Carruthers in a dark, lamp-lit street, about to descend some gloomy cellar steps into (the hell of) a jazz-club: with the result that a dubious moment becomes overloaded into cliché. Even with a fairly good improvisation, such as Lelia's "I didn't know it would be so awful" speech after her seduction by Tony, the camera moves into a caressing close-up and swings the scene close to being one which might well find a place in an above-average Hollywood weepie.

With Truffaut and Godard, it is their spontaneity, their constant pulling of carpets from under the spectators' feet ("When a film is going one way, I cut and send it off on another . . . I try to suppress clichés, influential characters, ready-made conclusions"—Truffaut), which turns borderline

"Shadows": "Lelia and her brothers are suddenly drawn together into a moment of hysterical, cavorting glee."





clichés into *trouvailles*. *A Bout de Souffle*, for example, was totally improvised from a brief thriller synopsis by Truffaut. On this basis, Belmondo and Jean Seberg invented, and Godard trapped their inventions in all their freedom and illogical logicity, within a framework where the function of action and words was not to express a meaning, but to reveal the characters in all their shifting complexity. On the basis of the plot it is Belmondo, the cold, ruthless, self-centred killer, who is the villain; from the texture of the film as we have it, it is rather Jean Seberg who imperceptibly becomes the villainess. Godard's great merit in *A Bout de Souffle* is that he was able to give a definite form to this mass of loose, protean material—the swift, breathless, staccato first third of the film, where nothing is ever completed, nothing ever followed through to its conclusion, expressing the way in which Michel Poiccard lives only for the instant, the exciting moment of present danger; then sliding unexpectedly into the long, serpentine scenes of the second third, Michel's long conversations with Patricia, when he seems to be making some contact with another human being, when the moment a few jumps ahead looks as though it might be as valuable as the present instant; and finally rushing back, after Patricia's betrayal, to the hectic tempo of the opening, staccato again for Michel's death; and only in the last shot the tranquillity of a long, calm gaze into Patricia's eyes as she meditates without comprehending the meaning of Michel's bitter last accusation, "Tu es dégueulasse."

Old Wordsworth knew what he was talking about when he spoke of the essence of art being "emotion recollected in tranquillity". In *A Bout de Souffle* we have raw reality turned up by means of improvisation, but Godard has been able to shape its rawness into a work of art. Not that he is recollecting exactly in tranquillity (Paris in the 1960s is, after all, rather different from the Lake District in the 1800s), but that he has been able to withdraw sufficiently to impose a constructive form on his material. In *Une Femme est une Femme*, on the other hand, we are presented with a succession of isolated moments which have no organic connection, and the result is a failure. What Godard is trying to present here is that complex and gratuitous illogicality of the human being in a world where the traditional values of cause and effect, of good and evil, have gone by the board, and which is at the heart of *A Bout de Souffle*. "The very fact that I say something means that there is a link with what I said before," says the hero of his earlier (and brilliant) short film, *Charlotte et son Jules*. But in *Une Femme est une Femme* even this sort of link is broken. Godard's intention is to reveal, not an actress who happens to be Anna Karina, but Anna Karina who happens to be an actress. To do this he embarked on the somewhat revolutionary step of refusing to use the best takes, often actually selecting the worst, on the principle that when Karina was acting badly she betrayed herself as an actress, and therefore betrayed herself most revealingly as a woman. Perfectly sound in theory, but Godard would sometimes use a bad take followed by a good one, with resulting confusion, at times wildly exhilarating, mostly madly irritating, in which Karina never quite coheres.

In *Jules et Jim*, Truffaut depicts the same gratuitous illogicality, but brings it off by weaving a pattern out of the tensions between Jules, Jim and Catherine (Brialy and Belmondo have no dynamic relationship to Karina in *Une*

Three faces of Jeanne Moreau. With Marcello Mastroianni in "La Notte"; with Gérard Philipe in "Les Liaisons Dangereuses"; as Catherine in "Jules et Jim".

Femme est une Femme: they are simply props for her to lean on). It is Catherine's central vulnerability and unhappiness which makes her play Jim off against Jules to no obvious purpose, but with interior if not exterior logic; and if, at any given moment, one asks why Catherine jumps into the river, or smiles in a particular way, there is no simple answer other than "I don't know, but it fits in with her character."

Godard's latest film, *Vivre sa Vie*, is actually much more revealing of Karina, though straining less to achieve revelation. Here he has the distance (the tranquillity) that Karina is playing the part of a girl about to become a trainee prostitute, and Godard observes her observing herself as she enquires about the nature of the job, the conditions and hours of work, her own aptitude. The camera constantly improvises round or with her; sitting tranquilly behind her, waiting for the end of a long conversation which will terminate a dead love affair; anxiously moving in as she picks up her first customer; attentively peering over her shoulder as she writes a letter of application for a post in a brothel; and when the letter-writing is interrupted by the opportune arrival of a pimp who sits down opposite her, it moves discreetly behind his head, swaying gently from time to time to one side to catch a glimpse of her face when the conversation warrants the intrusion.

* * *

"I have a tendency to be slightly theoretical when I begin work. I say what I want to say a little too obviously, rather as if I were lecturing, and it doesn't work," says Renoir (in the same interview quoted at the head of this article), explaining his use of improvisation as a means to provoke greater spontaneity and truth when clothing his original conception. Truffaut and Godard work in exactly the same way. So does Eric Rohmer in his *Le Signe du Lion*, which improvises a relationship between a penniless American and a hostile summer Paris, crammed with tourists but an empty desert as far as he is concerned, in which he is finally degraded into beggary. The theme of the film is the disintegration of a man in terms of a city, and everything—direction, camerawork, acting—is improvised in relation to the theme. At first telephoning round his friends to try to borrow money, but finding that they have all left Paris for the summer, making a fruitless trip to the suburbs and having to walk hot and dustily back because he has no money for the Métro, the American gradually sinks into inertia, aimlessly drifting round the city, watching the pigeons and the passers-by, gazing down the river. His moral disintegration is observed in relation to his surroundings, the hot dry battering stone of the city growing increasingly oppressive and hostile until he has been beaten

down into the passive indifference of the *clochard*; then, completely degraded, the hostility of objects begins to recede, and he moves into a kind of calm, almost a jauntiness, as he slips into his new way of life. Entirely improvised without script in the streets of Paris and in real hotel rooms, the development of the action depends on where the unit happened to be, yet nothing is left to chance. With beady-eyed precision, Rohmer and his camera (Nicholas Hayer, brilliant) seize out of the air exactly what is needed to penetrate the truth and beauty of the film's fragile conception.

Recent American efforts along improvisational and allied lines (Pintoff's *The Shoes*, Mekas' *Guns of the Trees*, Frank's *Sin of Jesus*, the works of Brakhage—to add a few to the titles already mentioned) have produced a welcome swing away from the mechanical mass-produced gloss of a film like Wyler's *The Loudest Whisper*, thoroughly competent in all departments but also thoroughly drained of life down to its last exquisite deep focus drop. All the same, it's a pity that the crude camerawork, sound-recording and acting, which have crept in on the back of shoestring budgets (and perhaps also on the back of incompetence) are being turned into a positive merit, a mystique of reality: "I am sick and tired of the guardians of Cinema Art who accuse the new film-maker of shaky camerawork and bad technique. In like manner, they accuse the modern composer, the modern sculptor, the modern painter of sloppiness and poor technique." (Jonas Mekas again, *Film Culture*, No. 24).

Well, yes . . . once again. But it takes a director of the calibre of Renoir or Truffaut or Godard to bring it off; a cameraman like Coutard or Hayer; an actress like Jeanne Moreau. As Jean-Pierre Melville remarked of Belmondo, equally extraordinary (and equally highly praised) in the improvised *A Bout de Souffle* and the non-improvised *Léon Morin*: "Belmondo is the most remarkable actor of his generation. He can do literally anything, and his range is infinitely more varied than, for example, Gabin's was at the same age. I was struck by his adaptability, his sensibility, his pliability. You see, one may rehearse an actor saying the same phrase in twenty different ways. Anybody can say it nineteen times wrongly and once correctly. But to say it in twenty different ways, each one absolutely right—that Belmondo is capable of. I know, because I asked *tours de force* like that of him . . . Belmondo's trouble was that he was in the habit of improvising his text, varying with each take. I insisted that he use the text as written and nothing else. He found the change of method hard, but disciplined himself to it, and the results are remarkable." (*Cahiers du Cinéma*, No. 124, interview with Claude Beylie & Bertrand Tavernier.)

Castles in Spain

AGAIN, FEBRUARY 14, St. Valentine's Day. And again the holy Latin bishop, from his celestial height, orders an angelic being to mix with the humans and help them.

Thus our "Valentine" attends a unique wedding, that cannot be begun under the most lamentable auspices. The fiancee Mauricio, has a copious legion of fervent admirers, as he is one of the most famous photographers in the world, specialising in "Beauties". Such admirers pursue him to the very altar; and Julia, the fiancee, exasperated, answers the question of the ritual when the priest asks her with a categorical "no". Valentine intervenes. Ingeniously, he smooths over harshnesses, clears up doubts, and at last, Julia, now calmed down, gives the longed-for "yes".

And there is a couple, Fernando and Mercedes, in whose marriage the impertinent anxieties proper to our times have taken hold with such vehemence that they annul completely all affection-

ate relation between them. Valentine ably achieves that each one loses his respective agenda, and with it, the memory of his occupations. He also uses a broken lock to leave them alone and docked-in at home, and thus Fernando and Mercedes begin to discover the joy of their mutual company.

And there is also a girl student, Leonor, with a lack of wooers, who invents a fantastic fiancee so that she does not lose merit before her friends. Unusually, in a prodigious manner, the imaginary fiancee appears, as a real being, with all the indicated characteristics. This, naturally, is a wise intervention of Valentine, who has put in contact the man of flesh and the girl who imagined him, with an extravagance of fantasy.

His pious mission fulfilled, our little angel Valentine is ready to return to the regions.—Plot synopsis of *St. Valentine Returns*, from a *Filmespaña* Bulletin.

THE LEGION OF

HERMAN G. WEINBERG



LOST FILMS

THERE ARE THREE PARALLEL CINEMAS: (1) the films that got made and shown—which is the cinema we know; (2) the films that were never completed, or were released in heavily mutilated form or even never released at all; (3) the projects for films, often scripted but just as often only a dream for a film, which never got started. The subject of this article is category two: the “Legion of Lost Films”, the films that might have been, the “Legion of the Damned”, the true *films maudits* of the cinema.

Film history has been predicated on the first category, with an occasional smattering of the second. The third category has been virtually ignored. But without a thorough recounting of all three there can be no true film history, for all are as important in revealing the many facets of the artists involved. The full scope of the cinema is to be found in the story of these three categories . . .

The lost films

BY COUNTRIES
AND DIRECTORS

AMERICA

Josef von Sternberg's *THE EXQUISITE SINNER* (1926, M-G-M), starring Renee Adoree and Conrad Nagel, a romantic comedy of gypsy life set in France. Described by Robert Florey (Sternberg's assistant on the film, and one of the few people who saw it) as “a high comedy almost too subtle for the screen, with all the foreign feeling and charm of Erich von Stroheim.” M-G-M did not like the Sternberg version and ordered it completely remade by one Phil Rosen, who mangled what Sternberg had done (including his screenplay) beyond recognition. The remake was called *Heaven on Earth*.

In the same year Sternberg began *THE MASKED BRIDE*, also for M-G-M, starring Mae Murray. Florey, who again assisted on the production, says of it: “He shot only four reels before he became disgusted with this assignment, turned his camera to the ceiling and shot the rafters as his departing gesture to the film. But *what* four reels they were! No one saw them except L. B. Mayer and his gang, Sam Winston (Sternberg's cutter), Bill Levanway (M-G-M's head editor), Sternberg and myself. Just as in the case of the marvellous first version of *The Exquisite Sinner*, if this one had been finished and kept intact at M-G-M it would still be showing in the ciné-clubs and film societies of today: it was a masterpiece. Sternberg never shot a foot of film indifferently . . .”

Left: Fay Wray, Zasu Pitts and Von Stroheim in a scene from the second part of “*The Wedding March*”. Right: Gloria Swanson as Kitty Kelly, with two inmates of the brothel she inherits in “*Queen Kelly*”.

PART ONE

Sternberg rounded out 1926 with a third film which never got shown, *THE SEAGULL* (also known as *The Woman of the Sea*), co-starring Edna Purviance and Eve Southern and written and directed by him for Chaplin as a starring vehicle for Chaplin's ex-leading lady Miss Purviance, whom Chaplin himself had previously starred as a dramatic actress in *A Woman of Paris* (1923). The B.F.I. Index on Sternberg describes it as “a simple, quadrangular love story (which) served as the basis for this film in which the changing patterns of the sea were used for psychological and atmospheric underscoring of the action, photographed largely on the sea coast of Monterey, California.” Says Florey: “Two versions were made. Chaplin didn't like the first version and suggested changes to Sternberg, who obliged but without compromising his original idea. The story was over the heads of the audience at the single preview it had in Beverly Hills. However, it would have pleased the movie élite, the ‘Boeuf-sur-le-Toit’ boys, Cocteau, Picabia, Buñuel, Dali, etc. It was extremely interesting and not as static as *The Salvation Hunters*. The photography was extremely good, and Edna Purviance looked much better than in *A Woman of Paris*.” John Grierson, one of the few people who saw it, said: “The irony of it is that it was probably the most beautiful film produced in Hollywood—and the least human (because of Edna Purviance).” For reasons of his own, Chaplin decided not to release it.

The next year, Sternberg made *Underworld*; and the rest is film history of the most spectacular sort, including a second trio of aborted efforts which began exactly a decade later with *I CLAUDIUS* (1936, Korda Productions), an adaptation of the novel by Robert Graves starring Charles Laughton in the title role, with Merle Oberon as Messalina, Flora Robson, Robert Newton and Emylyn Williams. Korda was to have directed but couldn't manage Laughton (sic!) and asked Sternberg to take over. The film was to depict the arrogance and decay of Roman civilisation, to hold it up as a mirror to our own tottering values, and to investigate the diseased roots of excessive ambition. It was to show how a stuttering cripple,





Stroheim directing Cesare Gravina and Dale Fuller in a scene from "Greed". None of the scenes between them survived in the version finally released.

whom his enemies thought to be an idiot, became an emperor, conquered Britain, ordered the death of his wife Messalina, whose legion of lovers aped and mocked him, and finally was made a god by the Roman senate. "To show how a nobody became a god and then became a nobody and a nothing again appealed to me," said von Sternberg.

Sets were designed by Vincent Korda, choreography was to have been by Agnes de Mille, with photography by Georges Perinal. Having already played Nero in De Mille's *The Sign of the Cross* (1933), Laughton was thought to be a "natural" for Tiberius Claudius Drusus, the drivelling imbecile successor to Caligula. But Laughton developed some odd quirks during the early stages of filming, such as his penchant for playing the recording of the Duke of Windsor's abdication speech "to get in the mood" before each scene. Nobody could figure out the connection. "I had great difficulty managing Laughton," said Sternberg afterwards. "So did Korda; and when Merle Oberon had a bad concussion in an auto accident, which meant so much delay that all our preparations and contracts were invalidated, it was decided to halt the film. It might have been my most successful work. There was no other reason." A comment echoed by Lotte Eisner who, referring to the two reels of *I Claudius* now reposing in the vaults of the National Film Archive, said that it might certainly have become Sternberg's greatest film.

More recently, Sternberg's two films for Howard Hughes, *MACAO* and *JET PILOT*, were never released in their original versions; *Macao* was reportedly almost completely re-shot by Nicholas Ray, and *Jet Pilot* "re-edited etc." by Hughes himself.

So much has been written about the mutilation of the films of Erich von Stroheim that it will suffice for our purposes merely to set down some basic facts gleaned from Stroheim himself. *FOOLISH WIVES* was cut by Universal from its original 21,000 feet to 14,000 feet (the version the Museum of Modern Art in New York has runs 7,000 feet); *GREED* was cut from Stroheim's final version of 24,000 to 10,000 feet by M-G-M; *THE MERRY WIDOW* was cut from 12,000 to 11,000 feet by M-G-M¹.

Although the first part of *THE WEDDING MARCH* at 11,000 feet was substantially the film envisaged by its director, the second part (*The Honeymoon*, or *Marriage of the Prince*, as it is also known), cut at Paramount's request by Sternberg, tried to become a separate feature at 7,000 feet on Para-

mount's "bed of Procrustes" but couldn't make it because it had perforce been left unfinished by its creator. Pat Powers, the film's producer, called a halt to production at about the two-thirds point in the second part (according to the complete script, which I have). Shortly before his death, Stroheim re-cut both parts to approximate more closely to what he had in mind, and re-recorded the original music score by Zamecnik from disc to film. Today only Part One remains (at the Cinémathèque Française in Paris), Part Two having been unhappily destroyed in a fire. Cutting memorandum sheets on *The Wedding March* which I have seen give Stroheim's first cutting of Part One as 25,795 feet, with subsequent versions (also cut by Sternberg at Paramount's request) running 17,993 - 11,147 - 11,062 - finally 10,852 feet, which appears to be the final one as it was shown. The original cutting of *The Honeymoon* ran to 22,484 feet, reduced by Sternberg to 10,789 feet and somehow further reduced to about 7,000 feet for its very limited release in Europe (it was never shown in the U.S.).

AS TO *THE MERRY GO ROUND* (1922) and *QUEEN KELLY* (1928), about half of the former was shot by Stroheim before he was taken off the film by Irving Thalberg at Universal and replaced with Rupert Julian. Only about 600 feet of Stroheim's footage remained in the version released by Universal, Stroheim claimed, and that only in the very beginning. *Queen Kelly* was stopped by its producer, Joseph Kennedy, at little over the halfway point, because of the sudden advent of the sound film (which Kennedy claimed would make silent pictures obsolete). The version released in Europe by Gloria Swanson, its star who acquired it, was edited by her with her own tacked-on "ending" to make it look like a complete film².

WALKING DOWN BROADWAY (1933) found Stroheim caught in the cross-fire of a feud between two producers of the old Fox company, Sol Wurtzel and Winfield Sheehan, as a result of which his first sound film was completely remade by Wurtzel as *Hello, Sister!*. Leaves: *THE DEVIL'S PASSKEY* (1919), a film which appears lost to all film archives and whose negative was among the silent negatives of Universal immolated in a spectacular *auto da fe* conducted by that company some years ago. The only complete Stroheim film available to be seen in the world today is *Blind Husbands*, his first (1918).

F. W. Murnau's *OUR DAILY BREAD* (1929, Fox Film Corp.), shot on a farm in Pendleton, Oregon, began as an epic of people who live by the growing of wheat. The box-office failure of Murnau's two previous American films, *Sunrise* and *The Four Devils*, made Fox apprehensive at Murnau's choice of a seemingly uncommercial subject and they tried to "pep it up" with comic relief. Viewing the first rough cut, they thought it "too long and the peasants not American."



Mary Duncan and Charles Farrell in "City Girl", the film begun by F. W. Murnau as "Our Daily Bread".

Besides, Fox wanted a talking film, so such sequences were added and a considerably shortened and mutilated version (67 minutes) was released as *City Girl*. No reviews or records of where it was shown appear to exist (it did not even get a first-run in New York) and it was quickly relegated to oblivion. Legend has it that even this aborted version has some intensely lyrical footage by Murnau documenting a wheat harvest. It was Murnau's last film for a commercial studio. After that came *Tabu*...

Orson Welles' *IT'S ALL TRUE* (1942, RKO) was commissioned by Howard Hughes and was to have been a trilogy in colour of Latin and South America, including sequences shot in Mexico, Brazil, etc. The Mexican episode was suggested by Flaherty from an actual occurrence, when a bull conducted himself so bravely in the ring during a *corrida* that he was gallantly "pardoned" and returned to pasture to spend the rest of his life nibbling sweet grass. The Brazilian episode included the Carnival of Rio, which Florey (one of the few who saw all this footage) described as making the carnival sequences of *Black Orpheus* look by comparison like the work of an amateur. Welles shot 12 reels of the carnival. "They never did anything with this magnificent film," says Florey. "Hughes never let Orson finish it. Too bad!"

I suppose at this point should be mentioned that only the first five reels of Welles' *THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS* were cut by him and that *LADY FROM SHANGHAI* was taken from him and cut by others at Columbia. As for the American readers of *SIGHT AND SOUND*, it is fair to warn them that if Welles' *MR. ARKADIN* (also known as *Confidential Report*) ever gets shown here at all, it will be in an entirely re-cut version (*à la* Ophuls' *Lola Montès*) according to the plans of its American distributors. Reason: to make it "more coherent".

Robert Flaherty's *THE \$24 ISLAND* (1925), a film poem of Manhattan, two reels, commissioned by a wealthy socialite who didn't care for it "because it lacked glamour." An aloof study of New York and its harbour, filmed to a large extent with telephoto lenses, "the film had a viewpoint of New York that people in its streets never have... the deep, narrow canyons thronged with the minute creatures who had created this amazing city." (Flaherty). It was premiered at the Roxy Theatre in New York in a one-reel version as a "backdrop" for a banal stage show depicting "the sidewalks of New York." No known complete print remains in any film archive.

Flaherty also began a film on the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico for the old Fox Film Corp. in 1927, spent a year on it, shot much footage, but abandoned it when Fox wanted to inject a love story that was, as Flaherty put it, "incompatible with the film as planned." An attempt by him to carry out a commission to "co-direct" with W. S. Van Dyck M-G-M's adaptation of Frederick O'Brien's *WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS*, around the same time in Tahiti, also failed. "We had different approaches towards making the film, so I returned," said Flaherty. (Some Flaherty footage was retained at the film's beginning, notably a rapturous shot of a Tahitian girl swinging on a pendulum of low hanging fronds.)

Preston Sturges' *VENDETTA* (1946, RKO) commissioned by Howard Hughes, an adaptation of *Colomba* by Prosper Mérimée, starring Faith Domergue. After an abortive start by Max Ophuls on this film, Sturges took over and after he'd shot some 50,000 feet was stopped by Hughes, who telephoned him at 6 a.m. one morning, saying, "Preston, that bad dream you had last night was me—I just bought out your interest in the picture." After several other directors took over, in an attempt to salvage the project which was to have launched Hughes' discovery, Miss Domergue, the film came out to inglorious reviews. Seymour Stern saw the Sturges footage (he was assistant on the production) and said it was among his best work.

In 1915, **Chaplin** reportedly began a feature for Essanay called *LIFE*, six years before his first completed feature, *The Kid*. Shortly after shooting started, he abandoned it for reasons unknown³. *THE HOODED FALCON*, a Valentino film



Charles Laughton and Flora Robson in a scene from von Sternberg's uncompleted version of "I Claudius".

supervised by Natcha Rambova, was also started, in 1924, but never completed. M-G-M's *THE SUN IS MY UNDOING*, a story of the African slave trade begun in the 1940's with Lana Turner and an unknown Negro girl as her co-star, was suddenly stopped after shooting had already started. Two famous films of the Twenties, *A WOMAN OF PARIS* by Chaplin and *Lubitsch's DIE FLAMME* (released as *Montmartre* in an execrably cut version by Paramount in the U.S.), had illogical "happy" endings tacked on for America in place of their real endings. Said Lubitsch of *Montmartre*, "The version released in America of *Die Flamme* under this title was cut to pieces and did not give the slightest idea of the dramatic value and impact of this picture in its original version."

Seymour Stern's *LAND OF THE SUN* (1930-31) was to have been a spectacular documentary in four parts: *The City of Angelic Horror* (Los Angeles and Hollywood), *Oil, Ocean and Masses* (Huntington Beach, Long Beach and Ventura), *Freedom and Oranges* (Pomona, Fontana, Redlands, Riverside, San Bernardino and the Citrus Belt), and *Imperial Valley*. Financed by a playwright, the late Sidney Howard, the film was to have been a portrait of life in Southern California with emphasis on the exploitation of labour, violations of civil liberties and an exposé of police brutality. Script and direction were by Stern. Because a sudden strike of agricultural workers in the Imperial Valley gave this sequence urgency, it was filmed first (with Alexander Brailovsky collaborating on the script). Howard subsequently withdrew from the project and *Imperial Valley* was released as a completed film in 7 reels. An additional 7 or 8 reels of unedited footage for the other sequences still exists in storage in New York⁴.

GREAT BRITAIN

David Lean's film on the Taj Mahal for **Korda**, in collaboration with Bishu Sen as technical adviser from a script on which John Masters, Bishu Sen and Powell and Pressburger variously worked. This project had long been a dream of Korda's, but the film was never finished.

Another project of Korda's, *THE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM*, by T. E. Lawrence, began on location and was abandoned after several tentative starts.

Still another Korda project was *HELEN OF TROY*, to have starred Charles Laughton as Menelaus. The Laughton footage was abandoned and a satirical *Private Life of Helen of Troy* came out subsequently (from the John Erskine novel), without Laughton.

FRANCE

René Clair's *AIR PUR* (1939, Corniglion-Molinier), with Elina Labourdette, Jean Mercanton and seventeen children from 6 to 13 years old. Assistant directors: Henri Chomette, Robert Bresson. Literally, a film about "fresh air" and what it meant to slum children on their first holiday at a camp in the country, a project particularly dear to Clair which was interrupted by the war and never resumed. Several thousand feet, never even assembled in a rough cut, remain as the only souvenir of this venture.

Abel Gance's *MANOLETE* (1944), filmed in Spain but never completed. Another project of Gance's, *CHRISTOPHE COLOMB* (1939) from a script by Steve Passeur, was begun but never finished.

Marcel Carné's *LA FLEUR DE L'ÂGE* (1946) adapted from Jacques Prévert's script, *L'Île des Enfants Perdus*, dealt with a reformatory for children that existed at Belle-Isle-en-Terre, an island off the Brittany coast. Roger Hubert was cameraman, Trauner designed the sets and Kosma was to do the music. Arletty, Serge Reggiani, Paul Meurisse, Anouk Aimée, Carlette, Jean Tissier were in the cast. After two months of shooting, money ran out and work was suspended.

Max Ophüls' L'ÉCOLE DES FEMMES (1940) after Molière, filmed in Switzerland with sets and costumes by Christian Bérard with Louis Jouvet, Madeleine Ozeray and the Louis Jouvet Company. A filmed performance of the play, on-stage, back-stage and in the audience. After the first sequence in the theatre (the "overture," so to say), the producer lost confidence in the idea and the project was abandoned. In 1946 came Ophüls' abortive attempt to please Howard Hughes with *Vendetta*, on which no less than four directors worked to no avail.

Ophüls' swan-song, *LOLA MONTES* (1955) was originally 12,600 feet (140 minutes) and was subsequently reduced by its bewildered and panicky producers (Gamma Films-Florida

(Paris) and Oska Films (Munich)) to 9,900 feet (110 minutes) and finally to 8,100 feet (90 minutes), with its unorthodox narrative technique "simplified" of its recurrent flashbacks so that the story, what was left of it, was told chronologically, robbing the film of its whole point. Not only was the film cut by more than a third and its scenes rearranged, but the original negative was similarly cut.

Jean Renoir began a short with Catherine Hessling in the Twenties, *CHARLESTON*, but shortly after shooting started the leading man disappeared and the film was abandoned.

(To be continued)

NOTES

(1) Much more must have been cut from *The Merry Widow*. Existing stills reveal the wedding, wedding feast, nuptial night and sudden death of the Baron Sadoja from an apoplectic stroke; a wild party thrown by the Crown Prince Mirko that degenerates into an orgy; sly sidelights of Prince Danilo's attempted seduction of the dancer, Sally, and of the party thrown by Danilo at Maxim's on the eve of his duel with Mirko; scenes of Sadoja as "the power behind the throne"; intimate scenes of Queen Milena at bedtime; similar scenes of Danilo being shaved in bed by a lady barber while receiving a feminine visitor; etc.

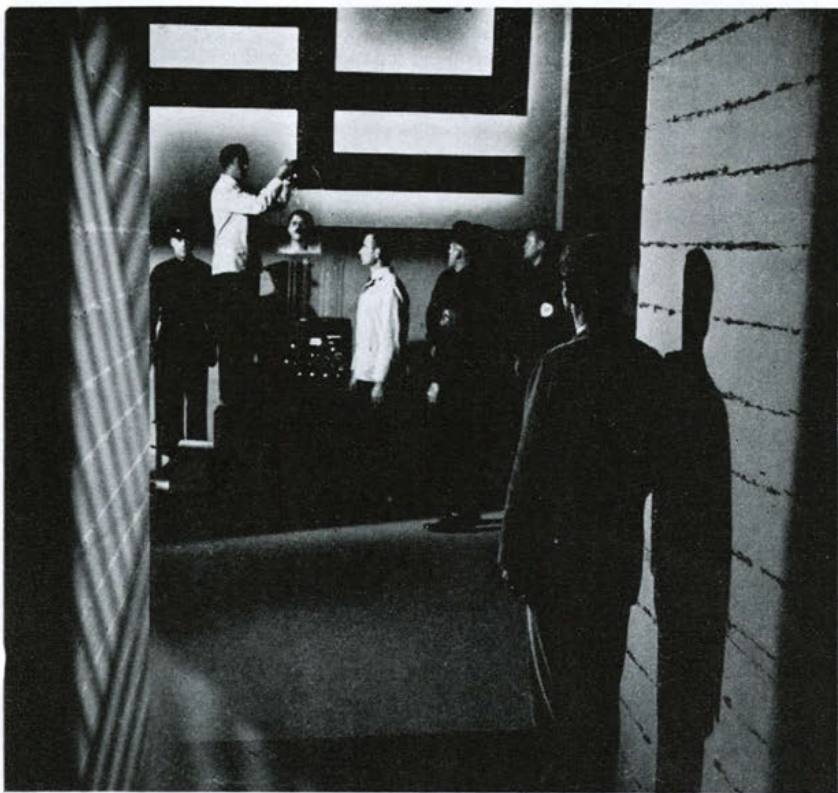
(2) Dudley Murphy, co-director with Fernand Léger and photographer of the *Ballet Mécanique*, has some of the African footage shot by Stroheim for *Queen Kelly* not in the Swanson version. This has been promised to the Museum of Modern Art Film Library in New York.

(3) Chaplin shot and edited four additional reels of *Shoulder Arms* which were not utilised in the version ultimately released.

(4) Another American film of considerable social significance was the independently made *The Salt of the Earth*, by H. J. Biberman and Michael Wilson, with two Mexican players, Rosa Revueltas and Juan Chacon. Dealing with the solidarity of a group of miners during a strike, the film became the victim of a conspiracy to keep it off the screen.

Martine Carole in "Lola Montès". The scene was among those cut from the version released.





A scene from "Return of Mr. H.", directed by David Bradley with camerawork by Stanley Cortez.

IN THE PICTURE

Report from the Slide Area

CHARLES HIGHAM writes: Tall, parrot-green vases containing small pyramids of sucked eggs; sprays of river rushes in a bowl; a garish poster, c. 1950 vintage, for *All About Eve*; an air of studied confusion—this is the one-room *cabaña*, attached to a Hollywood Hills guest-house, where Hubert Cornfield lives. It might well be a set from one of his own pictures: *The Third Voice*, perhaps. And it was easy, sitting there in the gloom, to imagine Laraine Day, the star of that extraordinary film, stepping with face hard as onyx from behind the tall screen in the corner. Cornfield, with a heavy, introspective face recently shorn of a Greenwich Village beard, looks like a Darryl F. Zanuck conception of a Paris artist: he is ready-made for black corduroys, a moth-eaten pullover pulled low over the shoulders, and a beret aslant on the head.

Born in Turkey, educated in France and New York, Cornfield surprisingly was helped in Hollywood by Spyros Skouras, whose Philistinism has been known to startle even old toughies like the late Jerry Wald. His first film, never shown publicly, was *The Colour is Red*, made on 9.5 mm. I asked to see it: and as the film flickered on to the wall I realised that here, long before his first professional production, Cornfield had already shown a distinctive talent. Simply an evocation of various uses of the colour red—flowers breaking open in the spring, the dawn rising black and crimson over Florida, a girl's lipstick, red traffic lights in New York—it is one of the most exciting experimental films made in the early Fifties.

Sudden Danger (1955), *Lure of the Swamp* and *Plunder Road* (both 1957) were all uneven, but showed signs of that edgy, difficult

cinematic intelligence, pitted against studio conformism, which flowered in *The Third Voice*. And his unproduced script of *My Face for the World to See*, about a successful film star's brief affair with a would-be starlet, is an almost unqualified success. Strongly reminiscent of Horace McCoy's novel *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*, it is adapted from an Alfred Hayes novel but perhaps draws more heavily on Cornfield's own experience. The final scenes, in which the girl, after failing a screen test, takes poison, are drawn from his memories of an actual case of the 1950's.

Another of Cornfield's unfiled projects was *The Switch*, a mistaken identity story à la Hitchcock; and it was soon after completing work on this that he was hired by Stanley Kramer to direct *Point Blank*, an adaptation of Dr. Robert Lindner's *Destiny's Tot*. Included in Lindner's fascinating book of psychiatric case histories, *The Jet-Propelled Couch*, this is the story of Anton, a gutter Führer of the 1930's who harbours a deep resentment against Jews. As a Jew himself, Lindner, who narrates, is faced with a particularly difficult problem in trying to cure his Fascist client; and in Cornfield's film this is changed into a Negro-white relationship, with Sidney Poitier as the psychiatrist and Bobby Darin as his patient. Several elaborate dream sequences look, on paper, like characteristic Cornfield, and he says he has solved some intricate problems in shooting on the small set of Poitier's consulting-room. Although Kramer has insisted on the final cut, inserting a dubious sequence in which doctor and patient sort out their differences, Cornfield is satisfied that the film will not be seriously compromised. A brief sequence of a Nazi *Bund* parade which formerly introduced the film has reportedly been cut by Kramer. Cornfield's future plans include filming *My Face for the World to See*, possibly with Jeanne Moreau or Jean Wallace, and, again for Kramer, *Invitation to a Gunfighter*, a subject for Kirk Douglas about a trick shooter who is finally forced to show his talents in grim earnest.

David Bradley's name is probably less familiar than Cornfield's to all except a small circle of *aficionados*: many people remain unaware that he directed an excellent 16 mm. version of *Julius Caesar* (with Charlton Heston) several years before the 1953 M-G-M film. At Metro Bradley made in 1952 an interesting low-budget film, *Talk About a Stranger*, about a small boy obsessed with the activities of a mysterious neighbour: one remembers it especially for the semi-documentary sequence of orange farmers working to protect their crops from frost, and for some clever camerawork (John Alton) involving a subjective camera double somersault unique in cinema.

Driving up late at night to Bradley's house in the Hollywood Hills had much the same dream-like quality as probing through a shrubbery to Cornfield's odd retreat: it was, once again, very much the world of Gavin Lambert's *The Slide Area*. A film, Don Siegel's *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, was in progress when I arrived, the reflected image thrown from the window across a cliff face that looked as if it might slide at any moment, engulfing film and spectators. Below lay Los Angeles, a garish splash of light against the black, denuded hills.

The screening was in honour of the producer Steve Bennett, who has just produced Bradley's first film in several years, *Return of Mr. H.*, a cops and robbers story intended to re-create the mood of the early silent serials, with no dialogue for the leading character. Stanley Cortez, the cameraman, has been given his head to re-create the moody atmospherics of his *Ambersons*, *Night of the Hunter* and *Black Tuesday*, and the film is intended as a *jeu d'esprit*. More ambitious is Bradley's next project, *The Good Times*, also for Bennett with photography by the veteran Karl Freund. An evocation of life in a big city, with New York or St. Louis locations, it should recapture the impressionistic mood of Freund and Walter Ruttmann's *Berlin*, made thirty-five years ago.

Off the Highway

MICHAEL NEYMAN writes: In the spring of 1962, eleven students of the University of Southern California's Cinema Department made a ten minute motion picture with director Fred Zinnemann. It was based on Ira Wolfert's *Off the Highway*, a short story dealing with a salesman who has car trouble in an isolated area and is attacked by a lunatic. Richard Widmark played the salesman and Whit Bissell played the attacker. Everyone's time was donated, and the production facilities, raw stock and processing were provided free of charge by Hollywood studios and motion picture suppliers.

As one of the students participating, I feel this was by far the most enlightening and stimulating period of our cinema schooling. The project resulted indirectly from a symposium at U.S.C. conducted by Arthur Knight, the film critic, with half-a-dozen Hollywood directors. At some length, Otto Preminger criticised the

motion picture craft unions for their policy of not accepting new members unless they are relatives or close acquaintances of existing members. Both our university (U.S.C.) and the University of California at Los Angeles (U.C.L.A.) have extensive cinema programmes, attracting students from all over the United States as well as from abroad. But, since the craft unions do not honour university training as a basis for acceptance to membership, these training courses are really of practical value only in preparation for industrial, documentary and military film-making. Each student hopes that he will somehow be the exception: he will somehow wiggle in. And most of them inevitably face disappointment.

Realising that unless we, who are directly affected, tried to improve the situation, no one else would do it for us, we started a letter-writing campaign to the unions, to government officials and to the press. The campaign received generous coverage in film trade publications and also the daily newspapers in both Los Angeles and New York; and, shortly afterwards, Arthur Knight told us that Fred Zinnemann has become interested in our efforts and would like to make a short movie, using us for his crew. The purpose would be to give us the experience of working with top professionals, and also to afford us an opportunity to demonstrate our skills in support of our union campaign.

Mr. Zinnemann invited our group to meet him at his office at the Mirisch Company, located on the Samuel Goldwyn lot in Hollywood. He selected *Off the Highway* after considering several stories, and asked each of us to work, in pairs or individually, on screen adaptations; then he chose four which he combined into the final shooting script. Both here and in the choice of location he demonstrated the effectiveness of simplicity. The first location we found for him was very attractive, but his criticism was that it was too 'busy'. He referred to his use in *High Noon* of a flat plain, a straight horizon, and railroad tracks diminishing into the distance. "Some place beyond the horizon there is danger."

Mr. Zinnemann arranged for us to work under the supervision of expert professionals: production managers Emmett Emerson (Mirisch Co.) and Joseph Popkin (Fox); cinematographer Terry Sanders; editor Jack Holmes (Fox), and others. During the three days of shooting and the following two weeks in which we edited the picture and mixed the sound, I began to realise how very important it is for beginners to have experience under professionals, to encounter demands more exacting than those of the production

workshops at school. The original technicians of Hollywood developed their skill during an era when movies were booming. With today's reduced volume of production, beginners cannot hope to get as much practice; so their next best bet is to learn as much as they can second-hand, from the original technicians.

With the unions' present policy, however, newcomers without industry connections can only get practical experience by working for non-union producers. But these producers are usually either novice directors who cannot raise enough financing for a union production, or fly-by-night profiteers producing sensational trash. Their productions are likely to be staffed *entirely* by beginners, and although many of us have worked for such outfits simply as a way of getting experience, in the majority of cases we worked under conditions of the kind that brought about the formation of the unions in the first place, and might wind up never getting paid.

It is my hope that our production with Mr. Zinnemann may be a first step towards improving the situation. A number of the union technicians with whom we were brought into contact seemed to indicate a willingness to co-operate; and perhaps a system could eventually be established whereby a beginning director, who at present cannot afford a union crew, would be able to hire a few seasoned union technicians for key positions, and fill up the rest of the crew with beginners. Under the present conditions inexperienced directors are often so harassed by the inefficiency of their equally inexperienced crews that their chances of attaining quality are very slim. And increased quality in Hollywood's low-budget output could only in the long run serve to benefit the industry.

The reactions our project has been receiving from within the industry seem to indicate that we may have made a breakthrough. We will continue to try. And we want to express our deepest gratitude to Mr. Zinnemann, the actors, and the other professionals who made the project possible.

Love and Justice

ANN MORRISSETT writes: Love and justice are familiar themes at present preoccupying three major French film directors in their own distinctive ways. Claude Chabrol is making a light excursion into the law courts with a recapitulation of the story of the famous World War One wife-murderer named Landru; Roger Vadim is exploring the lower depths of sex and morality in *Vice and Virtue*, an adaptation from de Sade; and André Cayatte is finishing his fifth film on the many faces of justice with *Le Glaive et la Balance*.

Cayatte sat me down for a stern, emphatic lecture on the world's indifference to the very concept of justice when I talked to him on the set. What is justice? Who has the right to judge who is right? Who has the right to neglect such judgments? His approach is strong, hard-driving: like a judge himself he sits before his set and demands re-enactments of crimes and pasts until his notion of near-perfection is reached. I talked with Anthony Perkins, who plays his first French-speaking role as one of three young men accused of the murder of a kidnapped child. "M. Cayatte is very business-like, a man who knows what he wants," said Perkins in a tone one might use in describing a schoolteacher one respects but does not love. I asked him how this compared to working with Orson Welles on *The Trial*. Perkins' face lit up. "Welles is like no one else. The excitement, the improvisation and spontaneity of working with him can't be compared to anything I've done." Had the film been completed yet? "Oh no," he said happily. "We go on working on it now and then; I hope it will never end." His work with Cayatte, however, was due to finish in September, after which he was scheduled to leave for New York to start rehearsing for a Broadway play.

As for Cayatte, his winter plans are to work simultaneously on two films about conjugal love, one as seen from the wife's point of view, the other from the husband's. Both scripts, as usual, are to be written by Cayatte. *Le Glaive* is to be the last of his films about justice, he said; though his present plans do not seem to promise a release from still more balancing of evidence and testimonies.

Claude Chabrol, by contrast, approaches the goddesses of love and justice with the serious and whimsical irreverence of a Chaplin. He and Françoise Sagan had in fact started out to do a film together on George Sand, but got bored with it after two months. They then hit on the idea of dramatising the bizarre story of Landru the lady-killer and went to work enthusiastically for six months on a script. Having engaged such luminaries as Michèle Morgan, Hildegard



Arletty, cast as a Norman housewife in Darryl Zanuck's "The Longest Day".

Neff and Danielle Darrieux to be extinguished by the fastidious Monsieur Landru, Chabrol busily bounces about his set, poking here, joking there, peering into the camera, looking more than anything else like a Cinémathèque student, or perhaps a stray workman on the set, indulging himself in a childhood dream. "I had always wanted to make films," he said, "but I had to make a living so I wrote for *Cahiers du Cinéma* and did publicity for Fox. But what I really wanted to do was direct." In 1957 he took his own money and plunged in with *Le Beau Serge*.

Landru is Chabrol's first collaboration with Sagan (in fact her first film script), but the partnership seems to be one with a future. They are even now plotting a script on Casanova, and it seems probable that this lady-killer will be treated no more respectfully (and perhaps end up no better) than the last. They enjoy working together, according to Chabrol, and have similar ideas. They even somewhat resemble each other, with their owl-eyed, knobby-nosed faces of elfin innocence. One can almost picture their sessions together, like two puckish wits of the school diabolically dreaming up their next prank.

Straightening his tie and adjusting his ruby and gold cuff-links, Roger Vadim taps Lady Justice on the shoulder like a gentleman, and gently informs her that her slip is showing. If laws are to be respected, whose laws? Underneath and quite apart from the courts of law, can virtue triumph? In its way, M. Vadim informs us—but not with the exhortations hurled by Cayatte or the impish doubts cast by Chabrol. In a script written with Roger Vailland, and based on de Sade's similar personifications of Virtue and Vice, Vadim places the vicious Juliette, played by Annie Girardot, under the protection of a hefty Nazi general in Occupied France. The good sister, Justine, seeks her aid to protect her resistance fighter husband, but Juliette refuses. In the end, Juliette goes down with the general in a pre-Liberation orgy of murder and suicide clearly proving that vice doesn't pay. The fur-covered beds and couches, the champagne and candelabra and mirrored walls of the set, and the film-length duration of Juliette's transient glory, however, might make one wonder if—while it may not pay in the end—it doesn't at least cushion justice's final blow with a rather easy long-term credit. Anyway, Vadim assured me in polite but firm tones, this film shows that honesty must win and that one cannot hurt other people without in the end being hurt oneself. Tall, slim, suave, with horn-rimmed glasses and tight trousers, Vadim gives something of the impression of an intellectual dandy. He appears to be a lover of flashily elegant sets, of paradox and contrast, of soft-hard and beautiful-ugly things. I left the set of *Vice and Virtue* with the feeling that both sides of this golden coin were being fingered by well-manicured hands with just about equal affection.

Sestri Levante

RICHARD ROUD writes: Three years ago the Columbianum, a Jesuit-directed cultural organisation based in Genoa, held its first Latin American Film Festival at Santa Margherita Ligure on the Italian Riviera. Now, after two years, it has moved a few miles down the coast to Sestri Levante. Columbianum, Columbus, Genoa—the object of this organisation is to reinforce cultural ties between Italy and South America, to keep South America, as it were, out of the English-speaking (and presumably Protestant) cultural bloc. The success of the festival—for it is undeniably a success—is due to three things: the extreme spiritual generosity of Padre Arpe, the Jesuit leader of the Columbianum; the efficiency and energy of Gianni Amico, the festival organiser; and (above all, of course) the tremendous advances the South American cinema has achieved in recent years. Without the tolerance and broad-mindedness of Padre Arpe, however, we would not have had the privilege of seeing an almost complete panorama of the Cuban cinema since Castro—a privilege, notwithstanding the melancholy fact that the Cuban industry has yet to produce a really first-class film—or indeed the chance of seeing Buñuel's *Exterminating Angel*, which won the Grand Prix, the Golden Janus.

In spite of the unmerited success at Cannes of *O Pagador Promesas* and the attempts by a very vocal group of Brazilians at Sestri Levante to crack up their cinema as superior to that of the "cosmopolitan, decadent" Argentinians, it is clear to all but a few inveterate fanciers of folklore that, apart from Buñuel, the best Latin American films come from Buenos Aires. In recognition of this fact, two of the

three Jury Prizes went to Torre Nilsson's *70 Times 7* and Rodolfo Kuhn's *The Sad Young Men (Los Jovenes Viejos)*. Kuhn's film was reviewed from Mar del Plata in a previous issue of SIGHT AND SOUND and will be shown in London during the sixth London Film Festival. The Torre Nilsson picture was not altogether successful, largely because of unavoidably unsuitable casting. Nevertheless, it displayed an extension of his talent, and a new toughness of conception, and this is why the prize was awarded. But the award also served to underline the primordial importance of Torre Nilsson in the Argentine cinema; and this year's Sestri Levante festival has finally proved that this cinema has come of age.

Toughs and Taxi Drivers

AMITA MALIK writes: When I called on Satyajit Ray in Calcutta, his piano was littered all over with jottings, in meticulous staff notation, of incidental music for his newest film, *Abhijan*. This is the second film (*Kanchenjunga* being the first) for which Ray has composed his own music. The story is by the Bengali novelist Tarashankar Banerjee, as was that of *Jalsaghar*, but Ray's direction of the film came about through sheer accident.

As with most things Indian, the launching of a film is a very solemn business, with elaborate religious ritual and at an auspicious hour carefully chosen by the pundits. Ray was asked to crank the camera for the first shot, known as the "Mahurat" or opening ceremony, of *Abhijan*. He was so struck by the story and script, and also by the locale—the village of Dubrajpur very near Tagore's university Santiniketan, a starkly dramatic stretch of land strewn with enormous boulders—that he spontaneously offered to direct the film, to the delight of the producers. To quote Ray: "It has a strong plot—at the other extreme to *Kanchenjunga*—it has toughs and taxi drivers. It is also perhaps my longest film, and it is fifty per cent action." Ray has chosen some professional actors from the Bengali theatre, instead of his usual amateur newcomers, and a young Bombay actress of wistful, haunting beauty, Waheeda Rehman. He feels that *Abhijan* can pass in the rest of India without dubbing, as it speaks visually, although foreigners might find subtitles helpful.



Lady-killer and victim: a scene from Chabrol's "*Landru*", which he has scripted in collaboration with Françoise Sagan.



Filmed on location in Sicily, in Technirama and on a budget of some three million pounds, Visconti's *The Leopard* is based on the novel by Giuseppe di Lampedusa. Like several of the director's films, this one takes for its theme a moment of violent social transition: the coming to terms of the proud Sicilian aristocracy, in the person of the Prince of Salina, with the new liberalism of the Risorgimento.

THE LEOPARD

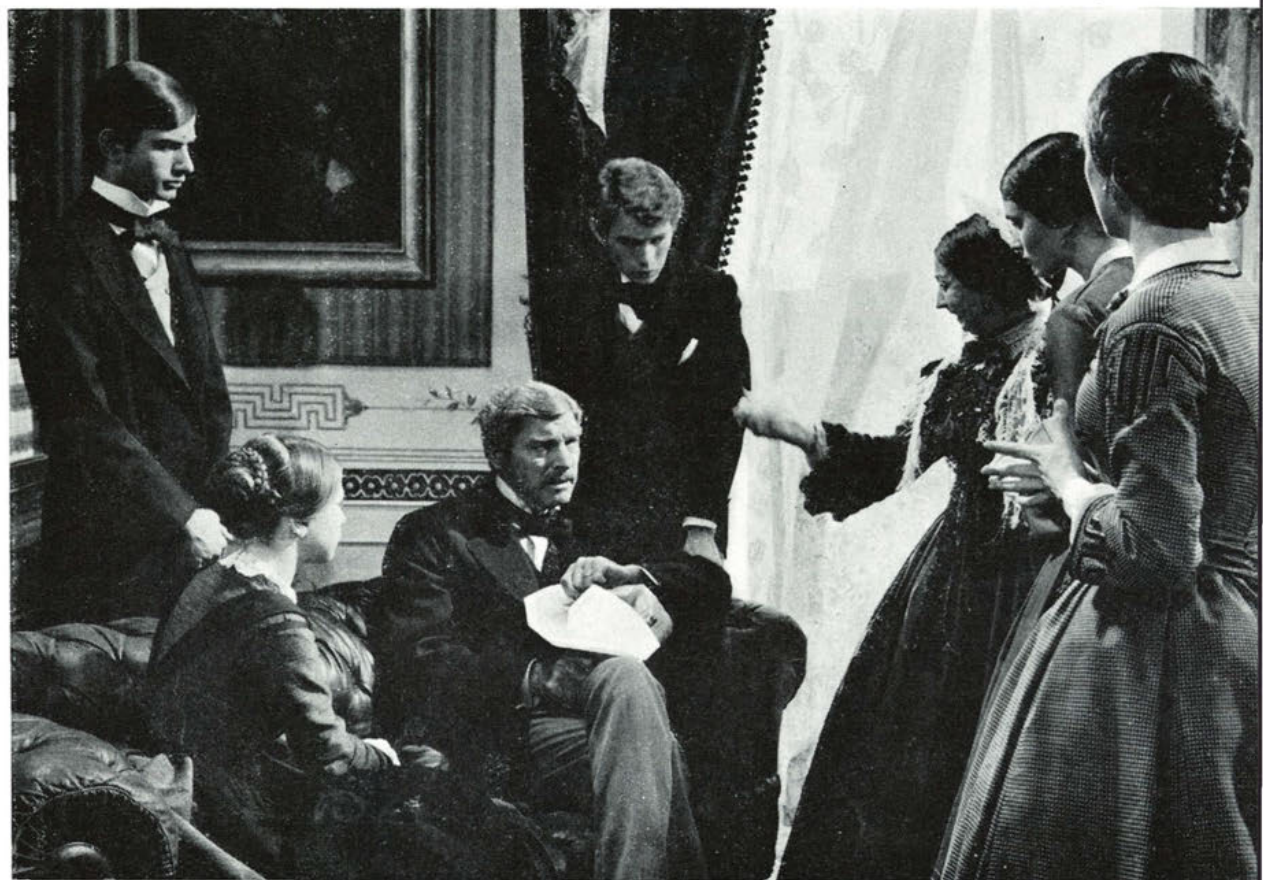




Above left: Tancredi (Alain Delon), the Prince's nephew, sees action with Garibaldi's troops during the attack on Palermo.

Left and above: Two scenes from the sequences of fighting in the streets of Palermo, captured by Garibaldi's Thousand in 1860.

Right: The Prince (Burt Lancaster), an aristocrat aware that he belongs to "an unlucky generation, astride between the old days and the new," with his wife (Rina Morelli) and family.



FESTIVALS



"La Commare Secca".

Venice

ON PAPER, THIS YEAR'S Venice festival looked unbeatable: Orson Welles' *The Trial*, Joseph Losey's *Eva*, Godard's *Vivre sa Vie*, and, not least, eight Italian films by Rossi, Pasolini, Zurlini and a whole group of new young directors. Not least, because with all the excitement last year at Venice about *Il Posto* and *Accattone* one began to have wild hopes of an Italian renaissance. Indeed, all the Italian critics said it: 1962 is going to be Italy's golden year. One of the Italian members of the festival selection committee even stated that, of the twenty Italian films he had been shown, not one was unworthy of being screened in competition.

Now it is quite possible that the fact that I possess only a fair command of Italian renders my opinion invalid; but, for what it is worth, with the single exception of *La Commare Secca* (*The Grim Reaper*) all the Italian films I have seen so far—and that includes Rossi's *Smog*, Pasolini's *Mamma Roma*, Eriprando Visconti's *Una Storia Milanese* and Taviani and Orsini's *Un Uomo da Bruciare*—have been terribly disappointing. They all have something to say (too much?), but

they don't seem to have found out how to say it effectively on the screen.

Smog uses a weak little story about three Italians in Los Angeles to make the point that material success does not bring happiness. Americans are not happy; they are fascinated by money and gadgets; therefore . . . etc. Even if this were true, it would not be very startling. But when Rossi goes on to say that the possession of a heated swimming pool renders human communication impossible, I think he crosses the borderline between the cliché and the *sottise*. Communication has always been difficult between human beings down through the ages, but labour-saving devices in the home (another of his *bêtes noires*) do not really increase the difficulty to any appreciable extent. In any event, the thinness of his fable and the flatness of the characters reduce one to getting what enjoyment one can from the (excellent) photography of materialistic America.

What impressed in last year's *Accattone* was the exciting feeling of directness, of a story that was bursting to be told, and of a tragedy that was inherent in the social environment and psychology of the characters. *Mamma Roma* is burdened with a complicated and melodramatic plot: an ex-whore is

forced to abandon her vegetable barrow because her ex-pimp, needing more money than his new wife can provide, threatens to reveal to Mamma Roma's illegitimate son that his mother has been a whore, etc. Thus Mamma Roma's cry of protest, "Whose fault is it?" is seriously weakened by the contingent nature of the drama: when a story is so dependent on chance complications, tragedy and social comment go out of the window, and one is left with Anna Magnani up to her old tricks. She does them very well, but she seems as out of place in this film as those old women of Bethnal Green who were transplanted to Harlow New Town. And the music score by Vivaldi (last year Bach, this year Vivaldi, next year Cimarosa? Haydn?) does not help either. There are some telling moments—Magnani teaching her son to dance the tango, the boy's "crucifixion" and death—but the promise of *Accattone* has not been fulfilled.

Una Storia Milanese (directed by Visconti's nephew) tries to combine New Wave subject matter with a kind of Antonioni treatment, but its clumsy direction and flabby performances eventually drove one even out of the air-conditioned splendour of the Palazzo. The same thing happened, I fear, halfway through *Un Uomo da Bruciare*. A story of one man's fight against the Mafia, this has all the stolidness and self-assurance of the worst kind of *New Statesman* reader.

Only *La Commare Secca* remained to uphold the honour of Italy. Directed by a young man of twenty-one, Bernardo Bertolucci, the film is loosely based on a story by Pasolini. A young prostitute has been murdered, and the police round up five suspects. Each tells his story; each one lies. But the point of the film is not the impossibility of determining the truth: rather, the lies of each suspect are the means by which the director reveals his characters to us. What is extraordinary is the way in which Bertolucci is able to communicate his excitement in making the film. Here is a man who knows how to use film not only to tell a story but also to express his own personality. His muscular technique and nervous style command attention.

* * *

Eva never arrived: Festivals propose; the Hakims dispose. They forgot to tell Stanley Baker, though, and he had to find out from the lift-boy at the Excelsior. Now (writing at about the halfway mark of the Festival) it looks as though *The Trial* will not be coming either. But at least we have had Jean-Luc Godard's *Vivre sa Vie* (*A Life of Her Own*), undoubtedly the best film of the festival so far. The story of the life and death of a prostitute, *Vivre sa Vie* is also a tribute to Dreyer, Bresson and Anna Karina; and Godard does well by all three. Extremely objective—existential, even—the film nevertheless communicates great emotion, largely through Godard's use of Dreyerian close-ups: everything is in the faces. He has not been afraid to let us compare Anna Karina with Falconetti (an extract from *Jeanne d'Arc* is cut into the film); and I think it is enough to say that Miss Karina is far from annihilated by the comparison. In moments such as her solo dance around a table she achieves not only the intensity of a Falconetti but the compelling fascination of a Louise Brooks. Need one add that for all the references to Dreyer, and Godard's own statement that he wanted to do for prostitution what Bresson did for the world of thieves in *Pickpocket*, *Vivre sa Vie* remains defiantly original? In its enormous reliance on close-ups and its (comparatively) long takes, it is quite different from Godard's earlier work; none the less one cannot mistake his style, a compound of sloth, nervous energy and a will to abstraction. This last may sound pretentious, but it seems clear to me that the intermittent use of silence, and the shooting of some of the scenes (the café sequence with the pimp, for instance, with the camera's great semi-circular arcs) can only be explained by purely formal necessities. But I can't think of

any explanation of how Anna Karina has suddenly become a great actress.

Two other films demand comment. Torre Nilsson's *Homage at Siesta Time* sets a cynical journalist against the widows of four missionaries supposedly burnt at the stake by a remote Amazon tribe. As one might expect, Torre Nilsson and Beatriz Guido are not content until they have established the far from edifying truth about the martyrdom. What makes their film different from, say, a Buñuel picture, however, is the compassion they cannot deny their victims. Alida Valli, arriving in a jungle outpost to the tune of a plaintive Salvation Army march, seems to suggest in embryo all the tragedy of lost illusions. *Elektra* (played by the Greek National Theatre, and not to be confused with the Cacoyannis film), is the first picture which has succeeded in translating Greek tragedy to the screen; and it succeeds largely because it does *not* translate it. Avoiding the naturalistic trap, Ted Zarpas, the director, has simply filmed a performance of *Elektra* on the great stage at Epidauros, and—incredible as it may sound—Greek tragedy comes to life. Partly this is due to the magnificent acting of Anna Synodinou (Irene Papas was just not in the same class), partly to the fact that the director, accepting the limitations of a stage performance, has made the most of its advantages. One came to yawn, and stayed to cheer.

One long, loud cheer, too, to Giulio Cesare Castello, SIGHT AND SOUND's Italian correspondent and organiser of this year's retrospective morning shows, from the American cinema between 1927 and 1932. So far we have had *Sunrise*, *Billy the Kid*, *The Love Parade*, *The Front Page*, and, best surprise of all, Reuben Mamoulian's *Love Me Tonight*. Loaded with invention (one can bet that Stanley Donen saw this one more than once), and with magnificent Rodgers and Hart songs, this was simply one and a half hours of sheer



"Vivre sa Vie": Anna Karina and Gilles Quéant.



Anna Synodinou in "Elektra".

pleasure, tinged only with nostalgia for a Hollywood that was past and not likely to come again. Still in store are *Anna Christie*, *Dishonoured*, *Freaks* and Buster Keaton's *Doughboys*. Never have the beaches been so empty.

RICHARD ROUD

Berlin

"AT LEAST, IN THE WEST, we can see all the films we want," said a German friend, pointing along the Kurfürstendamm at two large hoardings showing Lolita sucking her lollipop and Nadja Tiller looking sexy in the new (and horrible) Austrian version of *Lulu*. In a divided city like Berlin, it is difficult to keep art separate from political expediency; and this year, inevitably, the film festival was treated as a symbol of defiance and steadfastness. Not far away from the glittering receptions and smart hotels under siege from the autograph hunters stood the Wall itself, desolate and sinister; and events within the festival and on its fringes continually reminded visitors of its existence. Thus, an outing to the UFA Tempelhof studios enabled journalists to see a highly animated Robert Siodmak shooting a new American production, *Tunnel 28*, about a daring escape by a group of East Germans into West Berlin. (Taking a moment off from shouting bi-lingual instructions to his cast and crew, Siodmak enthused over the art department's skill in reproducing such a fine replica of the actual escape tunnel.)

A few nights later, speeches during the presentation of the Selznick Golden Laurel Awards (for films of friendship and goodwill) showed how difficult it is to separate honestly felt sentiments from political platitudes. An American general clearly was not concerned to make the distinction, and gave the East a firm rap. He was followed by James Stewart (who

cheerfully mispronounced every name and title on the list); and no one seemed at all surprised when he announced Selznick Awards to one Polish and two Russian films. Here at last, perhaps, was a case of art uncorroded by politics; and then one remembered that no East European films were visible in the Festival itself—and yet a Polish short was playing commercially with *Lulu*. . . "Well, this is just part of the situation," said my companion cheerfully. "You are in Berlin 1962."

In the less controversial territory of the festival programmes, it would be pleasant to record the arrival of some bright new talents from the smaller industries and independent groups. Unhappily, this was not the case. A Belgian picture made an agonising effort to copy Antonioni; a long German experimental film by Dr. Domnick soon collapsed under the weight of its interior monologues and atonal score; and the New American Cinema again torpedoed itself by showing *Time of the Heathen* and *Out of the Tiger's Mouth*. Most unexpected of all was an Argentinian version in English of Sartre's *Huis Clos*, called here *No Exit*. This opened with an effectively hellish introduction to the main characters, but fell away somewhat when it became apparent that only one of the players (Viveca Lindfors) was really capable of exploring the text's meaning.

One was left, though, with half-a-dozen pictures which would have made any festival worthwhile. Several have been reviewed already in *SIGHT AND SOUND*; others, like Francesco Rosi's *Salvatore Giuliano* and Bergman's *Through a Glass Darkly*, are bound to come here soon, so I shall make only a brief comment. Rosi's film, for me, failed to live up to its Italian reputation, although its massive sweep and drive and marvellously shot locations give it an impressive surface. The involved construction, enclosing numerous flashbacks, in any case made it difficult to follow the film on a single viewing, especially when one was faced with Italian dialogue, German sub-titles, and an English earphone commentary by a lady who exhaled deeply after every sentence. The Bergman film also had its ambiguities, as well as a reiteration of most of its director's views on God, love and the world in general. But the obsessive atmosphere is tempered by tenderness, and I would put the final scene between father and son high in the Bergman canon.

Finally, two personal favourites, both Japanese; the first missed by the majority of the Press since it was shown out of festival, and the second disregarded by the Jury. Kurosawa's *Sanjuro* is virtually a companion piece to his *Yojimbo*, shown last year at Venice, and again features Toshiro Mifune as the shambling itinerant samurai who roughly combines the virtues of Robin Hood and Wyatt Earp. Not that there is anything incongruous in this characterisation: Kurosawa has by now completely assimilated the conventions of both the Western and Eastern cinemas, adding an audacious technical bravura of his own making. Slightly less action-packed than *Yojimbo*, the new film shows Mifune helping a group of frightened courtiers to free themselves from an evil overlord, a situation affording Kurosawa opportunities to choreograph dashing last minute rescues (accompanied by jubilant Ford-like fanfares) and to stage a sharp battle of wits between the hero and leading villain. Most beguiling, though, is the odd and unexpected humour, the director's sense that people under stress sometimes say and do bizarre things.

Yasujiro Ozu's *Early Autumn*, as might be expected, operates on a very different plane. Ozu's cinema is one of repose—there are no camera movements, no fades or dissolves, and most of the shooting is from ground level. What is amazing is the tenacity and dedication of this director, who has restricted himself to this difficult style for so many years and yet can still make it work. Of course it is perfectly possible to condemn Ozu's world as old-fashioned, sentimental and over-refined (indeed, some of the younger players look almost too pure and well-scrubbed); yet this judgment ignores the precise skill and artistry which inform his work within his chosen conventions.

Here is a film-maker completely at one with his characters, in this case a family faced with business difficulties and headed by a reprobate father who has taken a mistress. Ozu and his co-writer build up the smallest nuances—the way people laugh and respond and lie to each other—into such a dense texture that at the end of the film one seems to be saying goodbye to a group of old acquaintances. How this is achieved is Ozu's secret: one can only marvel over his serene direction of his actors; or the quiet comic virtuosity he can bring to a scene; or his extraordinary feeling for locations—sudden ravishing shots of forests and river banks, seen from above and peopled by one or two solitary figures. His film is a triumph of wisdom and experience.

JOHN GILLET

Edinburgh

AT EDINBURGH THIS YEAR the "theme" was "The Film and Literature"; and this somehow seemed to lay a dead hand over the proceedings from the start. Why have a theme at all, one began by wondering? After seeing the distinctly mediocre selection of films, one would willingly have sacrificed this questionable homogeneity for a larger group of vital cinematic experiences, however disparate and unrelated. Why, in any case, should the entries in a festival be related? It's quality one looks for, not a neatly organised surface pattern of viewing.

In the case of the gala première, Hemingway's *Adventures of a Young Man*, the late Jerry Wald's last production, the locations of Hemingway's autobiographical stories (particularly the shots of lake and forest in Michigan) were prettily realised, but the psychological growing pains of the adolescent hero never achieved dramatic reality. The background was special and particular, the foreground conventional and slushy.

A much more successful adaptation was the East German *Muddy Waters*, directed with taste and spirit by Louis Daquin. The Balzac novel (*La Rabouilleuse*) was never left entirely behind and some of the dialogue and plot-devices therefore emerged as too stiff and literary, but the whole thing had a unity of mood and style. The characters and events fitted precisely into the skilful early nineteenth-century backgrounds, the cast wore their handsome clothes as if they were used to them, and Madeleine Robinson and Jean-Claude Pascal (as the bad hat who tramples his way to the top over the heads of his nearest and dearest) gave elegant, incisive performances. Better, at all events, to take over a narrative rhythm from a novel like this than to fiddle about with a famous original as Astruc has allegedly done in *Education Sentimentale* ("freely inspired," I think the phrase was, by Flaubert), and achieve neither a recognisable likeness nor a satisfactory metamorphosis. This was one of the big disappointments of the festival: a modish, banal and incredibly confused sex-story, messily directed. Another novel-derivative (this time from Maugham's *Theatre*) was *Adorable Julia*, vilely dubbed and memorable only for the fact that one character asks another to join him for tea in a pub at five-to-four in the afternoon.

But of course (one had to remind oneself) it is possible to re-create a novel in genuinely cinematic terms, to make the image do the work of the phrase and the paragraph. Fortunately, just as I was beginning to wilt, along came Bolognini's *Senilità* to reassure me: a bitter, depressing piece, certainly, but marvellously lit and composed—a film in which every gloomy claustrophobic interior, every cloud-laden sky, every windy, rain-swept street, is used to yield its share of emotional relevance. Based on a novel by Italo Svevo, the film is about a middle-aged clerk (Anthony Franciosa) who becomes a prey to obsessive sexual jealousy when he tries to conduct a self-centred affair with an easy-going girl who cannot take him as seriously as he takes himself. Bolognini's choice of the Twenties as a period for the relationship is ideal—the clothes and social



The end of a legend: "Salvatore Giuliano".

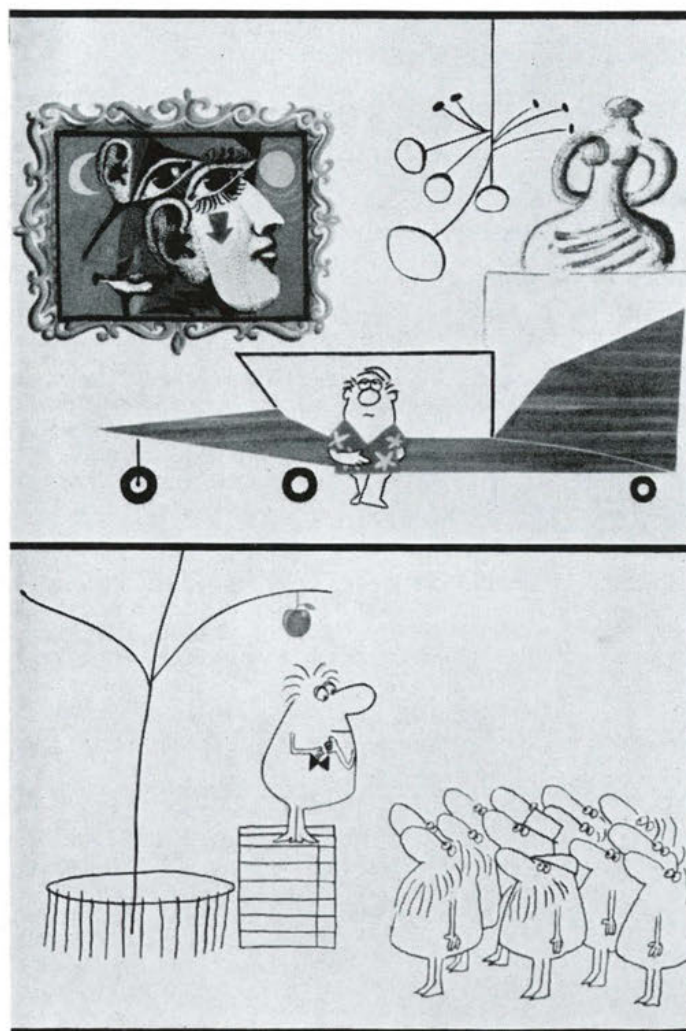
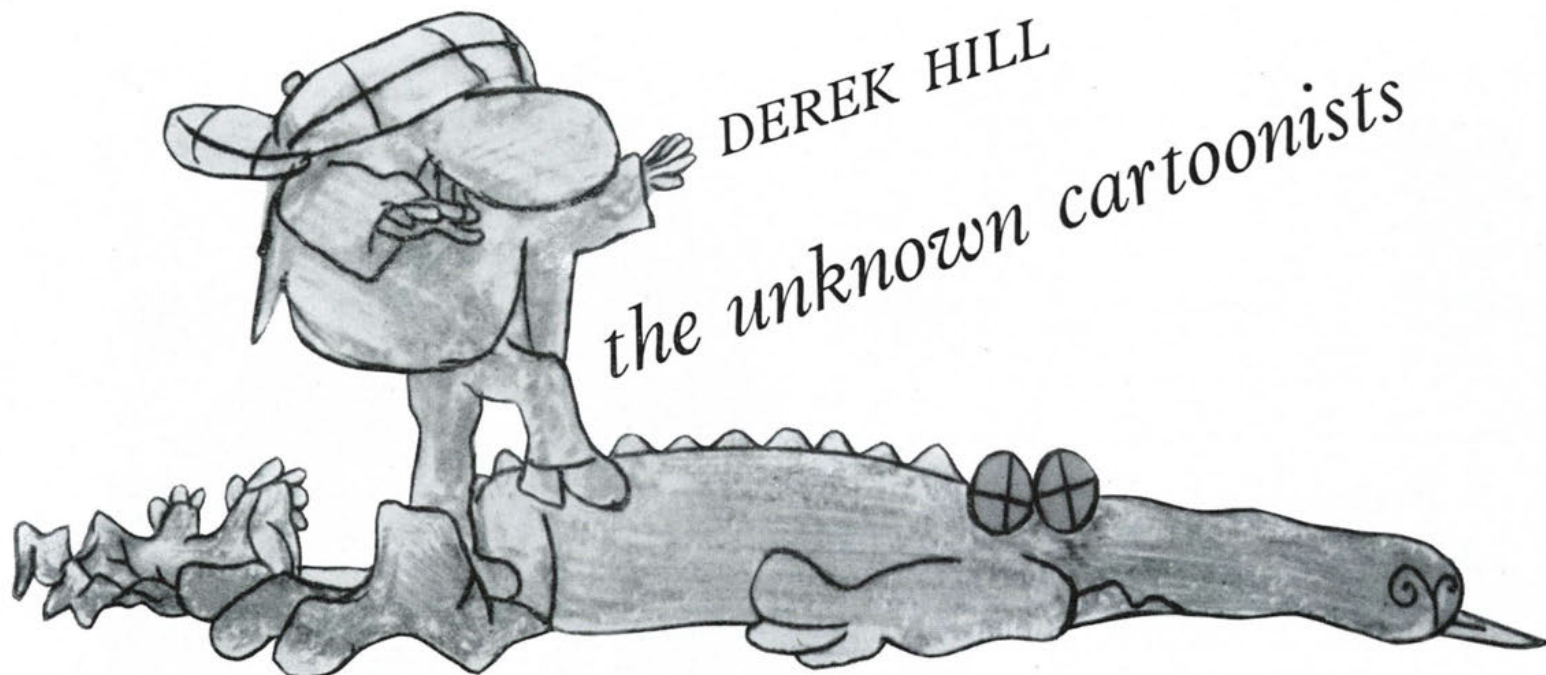
manners suit the girl's frivolous, free-wheeling sensuality and make the intensity of the man's absurd obsession all the more withering. Franciosa is perhaps too virile and young-looking for the clerk, but Claudia Cardinale, in Japanese doll make-up and flapper's skirt, looks exactly right, and there is a taut, anguished performance from Betsy Blair as the man's frustrated sister.

The West German *Der Transport* has little of this visual imagination; but Jurgen Roland directs his story—of the meek, pacific Nazi officer who has to convey a train-load of convicts and political prisoners up to the front line at a time when the German army is collapsing—with a nice sense of narrative drive, contriving to make several humane points and bring several characters into the round on the way. The tragic end, however, hardly seems implied by the exuberant thirty minutes or so which precede it.

Two reverential transcriptions have already been noticed in SIGHT AND SOUND: *Electra*, with its hard, bleak landscapes superbly photographed by Walter Lassally, and the magnificently acted *Long Day's Journey into Night*. *The Playboy of the Western World* is Brian Desmond Hurst's faithful, rather leaden-footed filming of the Synge play. Beautiful light on the Kerry hills and reliably quaint playing from the Irish actors; but it was a cardinal mistake to choose an English actor (Gary Raymond) for the rhapsodic Christy Mahon and, for my taste, Siobhan McKenna is far too statuesque and self-conscious for Pegen Mike.

Two grim, war-fixated Polish pieces gave very little nourishment. *Hallowe'en*, written and directed by Tadeusz Konwicki, tells a story of two lonely, miserable people trying to focus a relationship with such despairing gloom, such a plethora of

(continued on page 206)



Above: Dick Williams' "Love Me, Love Me, Love Me"; George Dunning's "The Ever-Changing Motor Car" and "The Apple".
Right: "Mais où Sont les Nègres d'Antan" (France); "Here and Now" (Japan); "The Steel Helmet" (Czechoslovakia).

WHAT DO THEY KNOW OF England who only the London Film Festival know? In the last issue of *SIGHT AND SOUND* I admitted that it was the bewilderment expressed at Tours and Oberhausen about the shortage of British entries which incited me to enquire into our short film situation (since when, incidentally, a committee has been set up by the Federation of British Film Makers "to consider whether encouragement for short entertainment films is desirable and practicable," and *Kine Weekly* has tentatively supported Mr. John Terry's repeated suggestion that shorts might replace second features). At the end of June the second Animated Film Festival held at Annecy exploded any ideas I had that by applauding Dick Williams and Biographic I was pretty *au fait* with the British cartoon set-up.

"It's Britain's festival," said one of the organisers well before the end. But at least one British critic felt like confessing that for all his knowledge of most of the films and people who were attracting such enthusiasm it might as well be Outer Mongolia's festival. George Dunning? Er, yes, ex-National Film Board of Canada and all that. But here were the French jostling for his autograph. And there was Dunning with the Grand Prix. A day or two later came the news that another Dunning cartoon had taken first prize in the animated section at Venice; and within a month yet another took the top animation award at Locarno.

Ron Wyatt, billed on the guest list as *réalisateur britannique*? Tony Cattaneo, ditto? Most alarming of all were the French critics who wanted a definition of the relative contributions and, for good measure, a comparison of the philosophies of Stan Hayward, George Dunning, Bill Sewell, Dick Williams. And then there was the discovery that Bob Verrall had arrived at the festival with a National Film Board of Canada contract for Stan Hayward in his pocket—before anyone had seen that Dunning's Grand Prix winner *The Flying Man*, his Venice success *The Ever-Changing Motor Car* and his Locarno winner *The Apple* were all based on stories by Hayward. And so is Dick Williams's new cartoon *Love Me, Love Me, Love Me*.

The urgency of the need to consider the British animation scene more closely was underlined by the fact that new productions from established international talents were by and large disappointing. The latest films of Jan Lenica (*Janko the Musician*), Ernest Pintoff (*The Old Man*) and Bretislav Pojar (*Biliar*), who were all on the jury, presided over by Alexeieff, seemed to show their directors marking time. The only jury member whose reputation rose when his latest production was screened was Dusan Vukotic of Zagreb, whose *Ersatz* has

already won an Academy Award. A brief *Mail Early for Christmas* from McLaren and one more puppet film about an obsession with speed from Trnka, *La Passion*, also encouraged the audience to look elsewhere for new ideas.

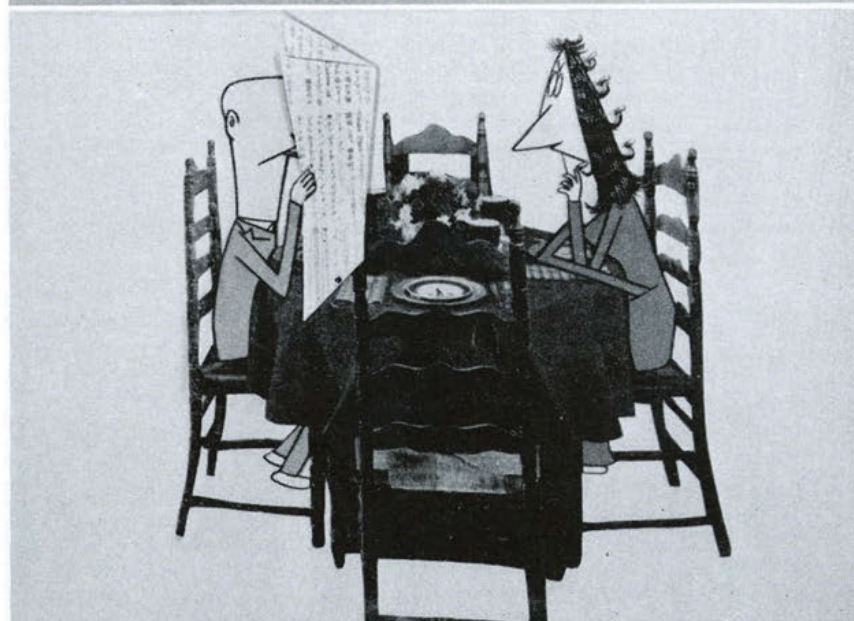
The form and content argument is probably seen at its simplest in animation. At Annecy new ideas often meant the marriage of familiar but contrasting techniques in the optimistic hope that the result would seem fresh. The Czech *The Steel Helmet* split the screen between a Disney hen—or rather a Moscow hen—guarding her eggs against a Nazi who was all jagged angles and violent lines. A boisterous Japanese production called *Here and Now*, which rather appealingly qualifies for consideration as the first obscene work in animation, combined live-action material, cartoon, postage stamps and furniture catalogues, and delivered a series of angry blasts against most aspects of the contemporary scene, especially women. Even the two Russian entries looked a little fresher, though they had nothing new to say.

Leaving the British entries to one side for a moment, the most individually enterprising productions came from Italy and France. The French were understandably put out that they won no award or mention on their home ground, so much so that the Critics' Award, which initially seemed certain to go to *Love Me, Love Me, Love Me*, finally degenerated into a three cornered contest between Bruno Bozzetto's tough, inventive and bitterly funny life story *Alpha-Omega*, André Martin's *Mais Où Sont Les Nègres d'Antan*, a somewhat Hubley-like satire on the white man's exploitation of negro culture which would be fine if it stopped halfway through, and, unbelievably, *Speedy Gonzalez and the Pied Piper*, a Warner Brothers cartoon clamorously supported by a gipsy band of frighteningly young French critics so peculiarly *nouvelle vague* that they seemed to be anti-French in a patriotic kind of way. *Alpha-Omega* mercifully won.

With over two hundred animated films from twenty-six countries, it would be a simple matter to devote the rest of this article to the beauty of the Italian work (especially *The Long Green Stocking*, a history of Italy by Roberto Gavioli from a Zavattini script); to the series of surprises from France (such as *Le Chanson du Jardinier Fou*, from a Lewis Carroll poem, *Maitre*, written by Ionesco, and the haunting *Les Dents du Singe*, written and designed by patients at a psychiatric clinic); to the latest work from Zagreb, where Don Quixote has become a clanking line and his adversaries are millions of blue blob policemen. And there would still remain such curiosities as the Bulgarian *The Lightning Conductor*, or something from Czechoslovakia called *Beyond the Woods* which looked suspiciously like an animated table runner.

Enough. Cataloguing the individual wonders of Annecy is less rewarding than taking a step or two towards discovering what has been going on in animation almost literally under our noses. (A stone forcibly enough flung from SIGHT AND SOUND's window might just about reach George Dunning's office at TV Cartoons, which, like Biographic and Dick Williams, operates in Dean Street.)

I talked to Stan Hayward before he left for Canada. At 31 he is an ex-Goon Show writer, ex-newspaper cartoon strip ghost and, still more significantly, an ex-research chemist. He claims to be unable to write a grammatical sentence or draw a recognisable image, yet he is evidently the man most responsible for the almost indefinable quirkiness of the "British" cartoons that are in fact directed by two Canadians, Dunning and Williams. His chief interest is in visual education. "I'm not interested in making funny little films," he said, explaining that he was convinced of the need for more symbols to provide more effective communication. His attitude is primarily scientific. He has worked in advertising as an ideas man, and believes that the kind of search for instant communication at present limited to that profession puts advertising in a position comparable to that of alchemy before chemistry. "Eventually it will become a defined science," he said.



He claims to have taught a child to read who had been abandoned as ineducable. But the eventual uses to which he believes visual communication can be put are more widespread. He spoke of being able to analyse such things as loneliness and boredom, and criticised the unscientific nature of the artist's treatment of such subjects. He refuses, in short, to admit that either emotions or characteristics are as intangible as has always been assumed. Might there not be a danger in reducing abstract conceptions to concrete representation; might he not end up suggesting, for instance, that love was bright red, weighed three and a half pounds, and measured eight feet three inches long? "But suppose that it is," he said.

His present involvement in animation does not mean that he wants to restrict himself to cartoons. "I'd use a Cliff Richard disc to teach multiplication if necessary," he said. He hopes to work in live action, too, and has already completed a script for a short. So far he regards his cartoons as successful because each has given him information. He compared *The Wardrobe*, which Dunning directed a few years ago, to a test in psychology where any six words in a continuous sentence make sense but a seventh at either end makes nonsense. This was intended as an exploitation of the short story situation, and already showed Hayward working towards the deliberately unresolved situations which now leave so curious an after-flavour in all his work. *The Flying Man* married Hayward's curiosity about the effect of three forms in simultaneous and independent action to experiments which Dunning showed me he had carried out with gouache and water colour on glass some twelve years ago in Paris, following conversations with Bartosch. *The Apple* is a double experiment, first in the effect of a single object in colour (the apple) in an otherwise black line cartoon, second in the punctuation of a series of incidents by an entirely actionless image. *Love Me, Love Me, Love Me* carefully eliminates all inessential backgrounds and movement, even to the extent of having the conjunctions "And" and "But" written upon the screen. Hayward feels most satisfied

with this last film, perhaps because Williams comes closer than Dunning to achieving the apparent paradox every Hayward story requires—the firm depiction of uncertainty.

None of these cartoons experiments with technique alone. *The Wardrobe* and *The Apple* consist of a slightly Goon-like series of events whose climaxes are a warning against conventional assumptions. *The Flying Man* was intended to imply a relationship between three aspects of human nature. And *Love Me, Love Me, Love Me* is a troublesome parable about the folly of loving anything that cannot return love, be it power, money or, as in this case, a stuffed crocodile.

Hayward is now in Canada; but the animation scene here still promises well. George Dunning's current project is a cartoon designed by painter and freelance animator Dennis Rich, the climax of which will be a fifteen-second portrayal of the Trojan War. And the kind of stimulation provided by Annecy may encourage more and more of the floating population around the animation village of Soho to attempt work outside their bread and butter production of TV commercials. Ron Wyatt, whom every animator I spoke to acclaimed as the most brilliant ideas man working on commercials, welcomes the few seconds allowed to develop character, situation and pay-off as a challenge, and some of his more outrageous scripts are really tiny entertainments which happen to be sponsored by this or that enlightened company.

And while TV Cartoons, in the shape of Dunning, enjoys the free hand offered by Ford, and Biographic do Shell proud with the inspired flights of a steel-engraved Victorian in an exhaust-driven boot, Dick Taylor and Beryl Stevens at Larkins have been collecting advertising film festival trophies for years with their little-known cartoons which sell Barclays Bank to Nigerians and West Indians. The talent aching for the day when entertainment cartoon production in Britain is less of a hopelessly unprofitable indulgence is more widespread and, I'd estimate, generally more thoughtful, than in any other side of the industry.

Annecy Grand Prix winner: George Dunning's "The Flying Man".



C L FILM P S



TO THE UNTUTORED EYE the progress of the cinema must look like a succession of premature burials and unthinkable, unpredictable resurrections. Perhaps no critics are so *excitable* as film critics, so passionate in their partisanship, so wholesale in their dismissals. Maybe it is insecurity, but the creator-critic relationship seems somehow, at least as far as the critic is concerned, to be on a much more emotional level than in the other arts. "Betrayal" is a key word here: the critic discovers a director as a result of one good film and takes him over, becomes his partisan; a personality is divined for him, high claims are made for him, and one or two less interesting subsequent films may be overpraised in the cause of loyalty. Then, sooner or later, disillusion sets in; the director is not what he was thought to be, or not any more, he has betrayed his supporters and is cast into the outer darkness, whence only half a dozen out-and-out masterpieces can retrieve him.

No doubt this all sounds rather over-dramatic, but it is not altogether an unfair picture. It is not only the mighty that fall—Bergman gone, Antonioni obviously going a film or two hence—but the smaller men, those we discover doing something interesting with Hollywood B-pictures, build up for a while and then drop grumpily when they take to colour and widescreen, "go commercial". And, perhaps because here the sense of betrayal is sharpest, they usually come in for more brutal rejection than the big names in international cinema. A few years back, for example, there was the case of Richard Quine. We liked *Drive a Crooked Road* and *Pushover*, rediscovered *All Ashore*, overpraised *So This is Paris*, but were sufficiently disillusioned by it to undervalue *My Sister Eileen*, and since then we don't really want to know. It is not that his skill in handling the medium is any less: *Strangers When We Meet* and *The World of Susie Wong* were silly films, but at least they were good, glossy, inventive silly films; and most of the comedies have been good, some of them (*The Solid Gold Cadillac*, *Operation Mad Ball*, *Bell, Book and Candle*) very good indeed. But we thought he was an "artist" with a taste

for low-budget experiment, and instead he turned out to be a big-budget craftsman entertainer, which is of course unforgivable, for the moment at least (in a few years time he may well be revived and reassessed as a sort of Hawks *de nos jours*).

More recently there has been a whole generation of the lost: those who aroused high hopes when they came on from television, Sidney Lumet, Martin Ritt, John Frankenheimer, Robert Mulligan, Delbert Mann. Did they fall from art into commerce, or were their first exciting films merely the chance products of a happy combination with an interesting script-writer, a talented cameraman, a creative producer? If they did go commercial, is it conceivable that they can ever snap out of it and do good work again? We are, after all, sublimely impractical about that sort of thing: the realities of the commercial situation seldom enter into our considerations; our judgments tend to be as much moral judgments of the man as aesthetic judgments of the man's work.

John Frankenheimer, for example, impressed us with *The Young Stranger*, then made *The Young Savages*, which no one liked very much, and that was that: he was a "one film director" who had lost his television-bred integrity in the Hollywood jungle. Then he made *All Fall Down*, which has again many of the best qualities of *The Young Stranger*, and we just cannot believe it; he had compromised, he had cheated our expectations, and since, obviously, a compromiser and a cheat cannot possibly make a good film (a naive but automatic profession of faith for most people seriously interested in the cinema), he really has no right to upset our calculations like that. And yet no doubt he will continue to do so, "betraying" us with bad films and mystifying us with good, for many years to come—and so, probably, will Lumet, Ritt, Delbert Mann and even Robert Mulligan. Critics, after all, have felt betrayed every time Ford made a bad film and surprised when after a year or so he made another good one, as long as Ford has been a name to conjure with.

What is the solution? There is none, apparently, except for those few happy directors who are not only talented but have a gift for public relations, so that we know exactly what external forces have prevented the next film of, say, Joseph Losey or Robert Aldrich from living up altogether to expectations long before we ever get the chance to judge it for ourselves. The rest will just have to muddle on as best they can, praying that they are never taken up and made into a cult, since on the whole when this happens the eventual kicks considerably outnumber the initial ha'pence.

* * *

TALKING OF CULTS, THERE IS ONE which has been given a surprising amount of publicity recently—especially surprising since it seems to be largely a figment of the anti-body's imagination. This is the cult which has supposedly been conspiring to foist *Paris Nous Appartient* on an unsuspecting public. Several of the critics have referred to it as a cult film: John Coleman began several months before it actually arrived in London, with a couple of side-references in the course of talking about something quite different; in her review of the film itself Isabel Quigly was worried because it had "already become such a vogue film, treated as somehow 'central' to our time"; Dilys Powell went along a second time "to discover what in the piece makes it a cult film (for cult it is, at any rate to a fringe)"; several critics referred at greater or lesser length to SIGHT AND SOUND's views.

To be honest I could not offhand remember at all clearly how much had been written in advance about *Paris Nous Appartient*, so I looked it up, and find in the last couple of years only an enthusiastic but not very long review by Robert Vas (the source, incidentally, of all the critics' quotations), in which *Paris Nous Appartient* comes second to *Innocent Sorcerers*. Admittedly one may not see the film in the same light as he sees it, as a last message in a bottle from a world on the brink of destruction (I don't myself), but I would have thought it perfectly possible to enjoy it in quite different



Cult film to the critics: "Paris Nous Appartient".

terms: as, say, like *L'Avventura*, a film which starts out with a thriller situation, posing clear factual questions, and then goes on, instead of answering them, to study exactly why and how the questions become irrelevant.

Anyway, it is obviously a film that either gets you or doesn't. Despite a number of formal tributes to its technical skill (last resort of the puzzled critic), it is in many respects raggedly made and not obtrusively brilliant in any department—photography, acting, that sort of thing—in the way that *L'Année Dernière* is. If one does not respond to the film, fair enough; but I should have thought that there was no need to get on one's high horse and set about discrediting the views of those who do by suggesting that they are fostering a cult or have been taken in by a conspiracy. Are we so insecure in our judgments, so terrified that if we say a film means nothing to us we shall be "shown up" if everyone else thinks it a masterpiece, that we have to take up a defensive position in advance (at least Dilys Powell is willing to admit "Perhaps I was wrong, perhaps I was the one who was crazy")? I can hardly think so, but surely it is an unhealthy sign when those who are ostensibly criticising a film devote so much of their space instead to criticising other critics.

* * *

THOUGH THE POWER OF THE STARS in running the industry seems now to be on the wane, it is still, for the top American names, a very real thing. But what about Britain, dear old Britain, where the star system has never really flourished, or at least not since James Mason went to America, Margaret Lockwood took up Agatha Christie and Anna Neagle went into business partnership with Fred Astaire? We have, of course, our "character stars" like Alec Guinness and Peter Sellers, and our comedians pure and simple (the terms are not always derogatory). But the only surviving star in the grand manner, the only star one could imagine being able to set up his own productions and run things his own way, is Dirk Bogarde. Ah, but can he? The best way of finding out seemed to ask.

As a matter of fact, I have run into him a couple of times in the last month or so, once immaculate as the doctor torn between love and duty, or something of the sort, in *The Lonely Stage*, the other flumping round rather distractedly in frogman's gear for *The Mind Benders*, in which he is the willing

subject of an experiment in brain-washing. Both were roles he chose, since he is no longer under contract to anyone; neither was a film with which he was personally involved on the production side. He certainly has ambitions in that direction, but seems gloomy about the prospect of their coming to anything. "If I had a script that I wanted to play in, I doubt if anyone would be very interested, as all the companies and independent producers have their own properties which naturally they want to set up and hire actors for in the ordinary way. The only thing one might be able to sell is a package: a script, or at least a story, a star and co-star, a director. These, all together, someone might be willing to back."

His own attempts to date have been discouraging. He had some rights to Osborne's *Epitaph for George Dillon*, acquired more or less by accident, got Willis Hall and Keith Waterhouse to write a script from it, and found an American company that was interested. But then the troubles began. First they devised the perfect cast: Trevor Howard as the father, Wendy Hiller as the mother, Mary Ure as the intellectual sister Ruth, and "a kinda British Tuesday Weld" (nation-wide search envisaged) as the daughter. Suggestions that hadn't we perhaps been there before elicited only pained expressions and a rapid change of subject. Then, when the script went out for perusal, there was an ominous silence for some weeks, finally broken by a brief cable: "Regret script unacceptable. Absolutely vital George also lays Ruth." And that was the end of that project.

Next came John Harris's *Covenant with Death*, which Bogarde optioned at some expense, in competition with Walter Wanger. "I longed to make it, though there wasn't a part in it for me, as I'd always been fascinated by the First World War: it was part of my background, as I was born in 1920, I used to read all I could get about it, all my paintings were connected with it, I was really obsessed with it. And I thought this could be a wonderful film subject, the first few hours of the Somme. So did lots of other people, I suppose, since the book sold very well, especially among young people, who seem to regard that war as the last 'real war', the last in which personal honour and ideals meant anything and the war which really destroyed any illusions anyone had about the nobility of war. Also, when I announced that I had optioned the book, all sorts of actors I knew slightly or not at all rang me up to say they would love to be in it, playing just any part, no worry about billing and all that. Unfortunately the Americans weren't interested, as there were no Americans on the Somme, and we began the whole dreary business of 'If you change it a bit to make a part for Greg Peck or Bill Holden . . . After all, if the story means anything, it'll be just as true in the Philippines or Korea . . .' Equally, none of the British companies was interested as it would cost too much. I told them I wanted to put in it Albert Finney, and Georgia Brown, and Tom Courtenay, and Donald Churchill, and, oh, all sorts of people you've probably hardly heard of. Well, they'd never heard of any of them, and didn't want to, so in the end I just had to give up."

About his own career to date Bogarde is philosophical. Hardly any of his appearances give him great satisfaction in retrospect: favourite performances are *The Blue Lamp* ("which I have always thought was a much better piece of character acting than anyone gave it credit for"); *Hunted*, a film he remembers with affection as much in advance of its time; *Appointment in London*, and *The Doctor's Dilemma*, mainly for the pleasure—and the challenge—of working with so many wonderful actors. Most exciting and illuminating among the directors he has worked for is George Cukor (though the film, *Song Without End*, is one they would both rather forget), then Joe Losey, and then, bracketed as it were, two very different directors, Michael Powell and Basil Dearden. "The trouble is," he says resignedly, "I've never yet managed to be brilliant in a brilliant film. I've done some good work in bad films, and been awful in some good films, but the two excellences have hardly ever come together."

Anything about the British industry which particularly upset him? "Well, it's the awful unconscious middle-class censorship which rises up automatically from way down inside so many of those in charge. At one end is the Command Performance Complex: we mustn't do anything which isn't quite nice, because it might be unsuitable for a royal show, you know. But beyond that it's the sort of life they lead outside the studio, the sort of standards they live by. The wife will be embarrassed at the hairdressers if they've made a film about a homosexual or a rapist; the son will be teased at his minor public school if there are nudes in his father's film; an X certificate is a definite social let-down. You can't beat it, just because it is all so ingrained, and so intangible . . ."

* * *

MICHEL SIMON HAS SOME SCARIFYING STORIES of filming in France before the war. While he was in England recently (for the first time, oddly enough) he was recalling that on his various visits to film archives and societies around Europe he had seen films of his which he had never seen before. "The young people couldn't believe that I had made these films and never seen them, but the way things were in the Thirties I just never had time. I used to make twelve or fourteen feature films a year, as well as acting on the stage. Sometimes I would be making as many as three films concurrently: in the morning I would shoot scenes for one; dash across Paris snatching a sandwich on the way to another studio in the afternoon; late afternoon I'd drop in for location work on a third, and then back to the theatre, where I had a nurse waiting to give me a shot before I went on to wake me up. I'd eat in my dressing-room in the interval, then afterwards go straight home, where I'd be given another shot to make me sleep. And then up first thing the next morning and off again. When the war came I said 'Thank God', as all I could think of was that filming would stop and I would have a little peace. Of course, I realise that God didn't send the war just for my benefit, but if it hadn't come when it did I doubt whether I would still be alive today . . ."

ARKADIN



FILM REVIEWS

LOLITA

LOLITA (M-G-M) HAS EVERYTHING it needed to be as brilliant and beautiful as the novel, except great direction. Vladimir Nabokov's screenplay is a model of adaptation—resourceful, economical, light-bodied. A near-perfect cast includes Shelley Winters giving her finest comedy performance and James Mason, his finest tragic one. The Lolita, Sue Lyon, won't please all the nympholeptics all the time, but her face, voice and manner are at least recognisably within the upper limit of nymphancy—technically fourteen years (the age at which Lolita was most desirable to Humbert). The music, by Nelson Riddle and Bob Harris, has two motifs: a rock and roll tune with a monotonous vocalise of high-pitched loreleis, that winds Humbert's obsession down every four-lane highway in America; and the empurpled obsession itself, in the form of a false, sweet, Forties sound-track piano concerto theme throbbing like an embarrassed wound. And one can imagine, for the final consummation, the kind of direction which might result only from some weird cross between Josef von Sternberg and Preston Sturges. Instead, the director of *Lolita* is the bright but far from flammable Stanley Kubrick; so that, if the film has Nabokov's ear and voice, it has not his eye.

Kubrick's vision of Nabokov proves more than passingly similar to Carol Reed's vision of Graham Greene, and the dry, calculated, neutrally sinister style that was apparently thought right for this production is very like that developed by Reed in such a film as *Our Man in Havana*. This can be very good in its way, and *Lolita* is—in its way—a good film. It ripples along cleverly, unloading mannerisms: the dead pan (in both senses) objectivity, the deliberate diversion, the swallowed punch line, the laugh that comes after the fade. It commands two passages of great atmospheric proficiency: the death of Charlotte and the hospital sequence. But Kubrick's sense of the style is irresolute; he's wrong, but worse, he isn't strong, and a puzzling tentativeness enfeebls what should have been some of the film's sharpest scenes—the girls' camp, the night spent at the first hotel.

Some have accused the film of bowdlerisation, but it's not entirely a matter of censorship. There isn't a hint of eroticism in the film and the only lunges Kubrick makes in that direction are perfunctory and misguided: that's as true of the admired main title pedicure (much too flossy) as of the first unfortunate glimpse we get of Lolita (*odalisque*), like a clip out of *Et Dieu Crée la Femme*. And the idea of showing Humbert's frustration by having him grapple with a collapsible cot turns out badly, not only because it's intended as a substitute for what we all know really went on in that hotel room but because it's not funny. Humbert's own account of that paralysing night is an almost exact description (with erotic variations) of W. C. Fields' travails in *It's a Gift*. But Kubrick's gift for visual comedy is as faint as his depiction of sensuality.

It's in the more grotesque aspects of Humbert's passion that he excels: a cut-in from a Frankenstein movie produces a momentary blazing effect, and the best shot in the film, as genuine as the author's own signature, is the one that has Humbert in a sweat of panic while Lolita, wearing a greasepaint get-up that makes her look like Jean Harlow as imagined by Aubrey Beardsley, sits surreptitiously blowing bubble gum under his very nose. It wouldn't be idle to speculate why this scene is so right while the earlier, "straight" one, of Lolita rushing to embrace Humbert and saying, "Don't ever forget me," is such a failure. As in a Reed film, one immediately ascribes to the blank moment an enigmatic meaning (is she infatuated? perverse? "putting it on"?), but one soon comes to

"The Lonely Stage";
Dirk Bogarde and Judy Garland.

realise that what compels as an enigmatic probability is nothing more than the suck of the concealed vacuum.

Performances—Winters' in the first half, Mason's in the second—dominate the film. Peter Sellers domineers in a succession of Guest Star turns without pith or purpose. (Quilty as Harry Lime might have been one thing, but Quilty as whoever Sellers wants to be is cultishly gratuitous.) Shelley Winters, all airs and gracious living ("Excuse the soiled sock." "... There's my little Van Gawkk."), is a very different Charlotte Haze from the character in the book, a fact known to her couturier but not to the set designers—anyone who'd wear so much leopard would not have those neatly effaced playbills mounted up the whitewashed staircase. The performance itself is an exhilarating burlesque of suburban other-directedness, yet never so broad that Charlotte's exquisitely couched letter of dismissal ("Go! Scram! *Départez!*") seems incongruous. James Mason has been quietly good, or merely quiet, for so long, in so many films, that it would be easy to underestimate his achievement here. But it is solely through his inwardly convulsed portrayal that an intimation of the novel's complete metaphysical anarchy reaches the screen. Notice, for example, how he conveys Humbert's dislike of being touched (by adults)—a detail that appears nowhere in the book. Other details are captured from Nabokov: the *tic*, and the accent used at moments of stress (which, accurately, should have been French but is mittel-European instead, and perfect). Yet all this would be technical small change without the grim levity, the sense of imposture, the callousness and howling pain; it's essential that Mason be possessed of an affective life which the other characters in the film never see, and this he is utterly.

In view of this performance, and Shelley Winters', it's astonishing that the film should have been written off by so many as yet another Hollywood abortion of a great novel—largely on the grounds that the girl playing the most famously eponymous heroine of our time next to Lady Chatterley, is an ageing impostor. It's true that the film only intermittently finds its form, that most of the time it seems to be telling the wrong story in the wrong way, that it contains nothing erotically combustible, that it indulges Peter Sellers, that having been filmed in England, it does not take full scenic advantage of its script (there's even a painted desert) ... It's also true that this *Lolita* is nobody's twelve-year-old, but what's equally obvious is that at the end, even with the aid of upswept hairdo, horn rims and maternity smock, little Miss Lyon has trouble looking *old enough*. Anyone who does not notice that is either hopelessly inured to film conventions or blind to the fact that in America little girls may now wear lipstick at the age of nine, pigtailed went out with the Korean War, and the stage between infancy and adolescence has been all but erased. *Lolita* censored? Not quite.

ARLENE CROCE



LE CAPORAL EPINGLÉ

LE CAPORAL EPINGLÉ (Contemporary), Renoir's *Grande Illusion* of World War Two, is the wickedly and tenderly witty chronicle of a prisoner-of-war's persistent attempts to escape from a German prison camp after the fall of France in 1940, against odds as unbendingly hostile as any Buster Keaton ever had to face. Unceremoniously tipped in a heap of rubble from a sheltering lorry right at the feet of a sentry, or baffled by a flock of cackling geese tactlessly erupting on a sleeping guard, the corporal (Jean-Pierre Cassel) comes cheerfully back for more, a little wiser, a little more determined, after each successive defeat and the cruel disciplining which follows. Every foot of the film is shot through with the endearing stamp of Renoir's personality, just as irreverent as the *nouvelle vague*, and a good deal more loving.

This is a very funny film, but also a very moving one, in which Renoir catwalks the tragi-comic line with delicate balance. The opening sequence, after establishing shots of the aerial bombardment of France and the signing of the armistice, beautifully sets the tone. An elderly prisoner, carrying an enormously awkward suitcase, secure in his knowledge that the war is over, happily sets off for home and the cows for whose company he has been pining, only to be stopped by guards at the entrance to the camp. Indignantly arguing, but forced to turn back, he is at once forlorn and comic, just as the corporal's escape manoeuvres are both wildly funny in themselves, and tragic in their context. The public context Renoir handles casually but effectively by using linking newsreel shots of the bombardment of London and the invasion of Russia. The private context he details more subtly. To the resilient corporal, his escapes are a round of gay improvisations, tests of ingenuity and daring, ending up, to be sure, in gruelling bouts at the disciplinary camp, but always starting up optimistically all over again. But for his friend Ballochet, shaken out of his comfortable policy of *laissez-faire* by the corporal's intransigence, they mean death. Ashamed and determined to buy back his self-respect, Ballochet is forced to make a futile, quixotic gesture of affirmation by attempting to escape, alone because he feels himself too unworthy to involve anyone else, knowing that the gesture must end in disaster; and it is the pathetic tragedy of Ballochet's death which gives the corporal the inner strength and purpose which enable him to make his final and successful escape.

Characteristically, Renoir fuses the change of mood here (the sequence of Ballochet's escape and death is the most intense in the film) by having Ballochet strike the theatrical "trois coups" with a broom before embarking upon his venture (to Renoir, the theatre means a door open on a fantastic world where anything may happen), so that the scene can move freely and easily from its parody opening to the tragedy of its close.

Comparison with *La Grande Illusion* is perhaps inevitable. Apart from the escape theme, the two films share many common elements: the idyll with a German girl, the comradeship of the prison, the fear that this comradeship will not persist outside, the final flight across open fields and the encounter with a peasant woman; even the theatrical reference (the camp concert in *La Grande Illusion*) is paralleled in Ballochet's escape, while the female disguises of the concert find their echo in the prisoner disguised as a woman whom the corporal meets on his third escape. But as Renoir himself has pointed out, his preoccupations have changed. *La Grande Illusion* was "the problem of men of sharply differing social backgrounds, education and character when forced together in war ... *Le Caporal Epinglé*, on the other hand, is a picture of the solidarity that binds men flung into the melting pot of despair, facing a situation together."

Moreover, instead of that gently upbeat talk of returning to fight again of the earlier film, at the end of *Le Caporal Epinglé* the corporal and his doggily faithful friend, Pater, stand together on one of the Paris bridges, looking down the river; Pater is timid, hesitant, until his face lights up with joy when the corporal gently insists, "But we will meet again, Pater." Here escape is an interior necessity, a thing complete in itself when fully shared. One is irresistibly reminded of the last sequence of Bresson's *Un Condamné à Mort s'est Echappé*, when Jost turns to Fontaine, saying "If my mother could see me now!" Fontaine smiles, and in a sudden shared intimacy the two disappear together into the mist. If Bresson's film is the spiritual history of a prisoner's preparation for escape, *Le Caporal Epinglé* is its lay equivalent, the principal

"Lolita": Peter Sellers and James Mason.

difference being that where Bresson's hero (like all his heroes) has been touched by the hand of grace, Renoir's corporal has to earn his grace, and it is only with his fifth attempt that success comes. Not only has he absorbed the lessons of his previous mistakes, but the purification of Ballochet's death has intervened; he has regained his faithful friend Pater as his companion; and fortune, at last, is on his side in the shape of a passing funeral and a wreath thrust in his hands as a perfect alibi.

Where Bresson's film is interior and abstract, Renoir's is exterior and concrete. In *Un Condamné à Mort* the world is Fontaine's mind. The prison itself is therefore constantly present, the walls, the door of the cell, the corridors, the window, tangible objects which form the abstract enclosure of Fontaine's spirit. With *Le Caporal Epinglé*, however, these tangible elements of imprisonment are almost entirely absent. Instead the film gives a strong impression of sun and light, open air, streets and fields, showing the prisoners arriving at a camp in the pouring rain and mud of an open field, gratefully drying themselves in the sun the following morning, working on a farm or among the trees of a forest, marching along the open roads, even sensuously experiencing a visit to a dentist's waiting-room. To Renoir, the physical world is one of man's greatest blessings (c.f. his work, *passim*, particularly *Boudu*, *Madame Bovary*, *Les Bas Fonds*, *La Règle du Jeu*, *Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*), and this film constantly hammers home that war and imprisonment mean the withdrawal from man of his privilege to enjoy this world, and his own humanity, in freedom. "I love a man who refuses to be enslaved," says the gentle German girl to the corporal, and this, at its simplest level, sums up the film.

TOM MILNE

ACCATTONE

ACCATTONE (Bargate) is a film about the rejects of society, in the active and passive senses of the phrase; about those whom society has rejected and those who have rejected society, or have never belonged or never wanted to belong. In this category is included, at least for the purposes of the film, almost the entire population of Pigneto, the Roman suburb which Pasolini used as a location for the shooting of *Accattone*: casual labourers, the unemployed, complete down-and-outs—the *morti da fame*—thieves, petty crooks, ponces and tarts. It is a tough world, with its own special rules for survival. The closer one gets to the centre of this world, to those people who have most decisively turned their faces away from society, the more one senses the existence of the anti-society, the Mafia; not the Mafia in the sense of a vast organisation of extortioners and bandits (for that exists only in Sicily), but the Mafia as a way of life, the *omertà*.

This anti-society, with its own rules and its own morality, standing in a complex and ill-defined relationship to the recognised world of Church, State and Happy Families, has never really been treated in the Italian cinema. Of course there are films about the underworld, dozens of them, but there is no great mythology comparable to that of the gangster film of the American Thirties; nor has there been any attempt to look at this world realistically, in the way neo-realism looked at the organised working class. It is an absurd story of wasted material, material for myth as well as for a revolutionary social critique, in which Pasolini, by writing scripts to be realised in a perverted and insipid way by Bolognini and others, has passively acquiesced, and for which he is, in part at least, personally responsible. Now with *Accattone*, directed by Pasolini himself, suddenly it is all there, the social conflicts, the sexual tensions, the authentic violence and the curious but logical morality of the anti-society; not only the reality, but in the person of the central character, Accattone (played with superb savagery by Franco Citti), the makings of the great myth. This is not to say that *Accattone* is a particularly good film. Artistically it is inferior to Fellini's *Il Bidone* or to the Italian episode of Antonioni's *I Vinti*. It is at times melodramatic; the camerawork is heavy, groping and obtrusive. But at least it is authentic and alive—not dead material animated by a master of marionettes, but alive from the bottom with the life of the subject.

What comes across to the exacting spectator as stylistic ineptitude—the artificially lurid lighting in the night scenes (what, no Decae or Coutard on the camera?), the unnecessary pans from close-up to close-up (what, no camera crane?), the contrived groupings which make this possible, or necessary, and a cutting singularly devoid of rhythm—all this is the result partly, no doubt, of incompetence or insensitivity and partly of lack of equipment; but one should give



"Le Caporal Epinglé": the prisoner endeavours to go back to his farm.

Pasolini the credit for an attempt, obviously deliberate even if not entirely successful, to translate an original approach to his material into cinematic terms. If *Accattone* does not look like early Rossellini it is because Pasolini had, thank God, no intention of making it look like early Rossellini.

The real subject of *Accattone* is not the underworld as such, but Accattone himself and his relationships with the world, with the girl, Maddalena, whom he exploits, and the other, Stella, whom he loves, with his wife and family, his "square" brother and "moral" in-laws, with his friends—the *ragazzi*—and finally with the more impersonal forces with which he comes into contact, organised labour and his instinctive enemy, the police. All these relationships are explored separately, and parallel with them a series of other relationships and antagonisms connecting and separating the other characters among themselves. The tarts, for example, are united by a feeling of solidarity against the *ragazzi* who exploit them, but they are at the same time jealous of each other and grateful to the *ragazzi* who guarantee them, in between occasional bouts of prison, a certain degree of material and emotional security.

The whole substance of the film is in these relationships—and in the more sinister Mafia-like system which underlies them—and the film works outward from Accattone, across his contacts with the others, in ever-increasing ramifications towards a picture of the underworld itself, seen as a complex of material relationships between individuals and impersonal forces. But the outer rings of the circle, which in fact, according to Pasolini's Marxist outlook, condition whatever happens at the centre, are too distant and unfocused to play a vital part in the construction of the film. Even the physical background, the landscape of decrepit shacks, slum apartments and wastelands, is hardly more than sketched in. Only the people matter, and their concrete situations from one moment to the next. The story is told as a series of encounters, with Accattone always at the centre; and each encounter, besides furthering the plot, is clearly intended to tell us something else about the man and the world he lives in. Unfortunately the camera style, which reflects the preoccupation with the central character, moving outwards towards the group, picking up faces and cross-cutting between the characters, is often too heavy-handed, too self-conscious and deliberate, underlining the obvious and reducing each event to the status of a "point to be made". The natural and essential fluidity of the script is broken, and the film divided into a series of set-pieces.

The best scenes are those in which one is least conscious of the camera—Accattone, penniless since the girl who worked for him has been carried off to prison, embracing his three-year-old son and coolly sliding the gold medallion and chain off the boy's neck in the process; Accattone trying to seduce Stella, the simple virginal girl with whom in his curious and mixed-up way he is somehow in love,

but whom he is trying to turn into a prostitute so that she can work for him; Stella's encounter with her first client; the final, absurd theft of the sausages, and Accattone's death. The big, staged scenes, like the beating up of Maddalena by a gang of Neapolitans with an account to settle, are less effective, and it is here that Pasolini's inexperience begins to drag and one starts to make nasty remarks about literary men playing at cinema (Pasolini is certainly a better novelist than director). But it appears that he has now decided to devote himself seriously to film-making. His next film could be very good indeed.

GEOFFREY NOWELL-SMITH

RENDEZVOUS AT MIDNIGHT

PERHAPS THE FACT that Roger Leenhardt had to wait fifteen years to make his second feature film, *Rendezvous at Midnight* (Sebricon), may have something to do with the slightly embalmed air it exhales in the cinema. Not, admittedly, that he was waiting all that time to make this film in particular, but it does seem (recent work of directors like Stevens, Zinnemann and even Jack Clayton offers further evidence) that the director who is prevented from, or decides against, exercising his métier regularly grows stiff in the joints just like a pianist deprived of his piano or a ballet-dancer too long absent from his bar.

In all other respects *Rendezvous de Minuit* is, as we would expect from the refined and elegant director of *Les Dernières Vacances*, a very superior piece of work. Its formal cunning calls to mind the intricate structure of *Lola*, though Demy's ease and sparkle are largely lacking; its Chinese-box structure has encouraged the distributors to flights of enthusiastic comparison with *L'Année Dernière à Marienbad* which the film itself, with its refusal to be ambiguous about anything in the long run, resolutely rejects. In fact, if it is like anything it is like *The Connection*, though only by the chance that both are built on an elaborately Pirandellian confusion of film reality and "real" reality, which is only film at another level.

The plot is simple in outline, difficult to describe in detail. A young man meets a woman *d'un certain âge* in a cinema, and becomes involved willy-nilly in her fantastic determination to live out in real life the destiny of the film's heroine, ending with a midnight rendez-

vous with death in the waters of the Seine. The first turn of the screw is that the heroine of the film and the heroine of the film within the film (also called *Le Rendezvous de Minuit*) are both played by Lilli Palmer, so that we see Lilli Palmer as Lilli Palmer as Anne Leuvin in *Le Rendezvous de Minuit*; and Lilli Palmer as Eva imitating Anne Leuvin in the other *Rendezvous de Minuit*; or perhaps imitating Lilli Palmer, for where does identification with the role end and identification with the actress begin? Then is Eva's "real life" (which is still a fictional film life, as we are reminded when the characters in the outer *Rendezvous de Minuit* start discussing the possibility that they might at that moment be being filmed by a concealed camera) really real, within the convention of the film, or is she too acting a part, just as, we cannot forget, Lilli Palmer is in real life acting her? And, for that matter, which *Rendezvous de Minuit* is inside which? (If my mathematics are correct, and things are as they seem, the *Rendezvous de Minuit* inside "our" *Rendezvous de Minuit* must be about half-an-hour longer than its ostensible casing, since the action of our film all seems to take place during a single showing of the other.)

As will be seen, it is all very involved and absorbing, even if the sorting-out is a little too cut and dried. But that, finally, is the trouble with the whole film: it gives the impression of being a careful and meticulous realisation of an interesting blue-print, but very clearly posthumous to the inspiration. Not fatally, but quite damagingly, the dust has settled, and not even Lilli Palmer's remarkable performance(s) can bring the film wholly back to life.

JOHN RUSSELL TAYLOR

ADVISE AND CONSENT

ADVISE AND CONSENT (Columbia) is a piece of work so bristling with equivocation that one can't help wondering just how Otto Preminger himself saw it: as a good forceful melodrama which happened to have a political setting, or as official Washington with the lid off, a *roman* more than slightly *à clef*, and at the same time an appraisal of the way in which political decisions are arrived at. Is Mr. Preminger, in other words, steering us along the corridors of power or up the garden path? Made in his hard, dispassionate style, with a formidable display of knowing assurance, the film itself gives almost nothing away.

Adapted by Wendell Mayes from Allen Drury's long novel, the plot—a good one—turns on the right of the Senate to debate a cabinet appointment. The dying President's choice as Secretary of State is Robert Leffingwell, to whom Henry Fonda lends his customary suggestion of haggard incorruptibility, honesty harried and at bay. But Leffingwell, it turns out, has a Communist record, however remote and trivial, about which he has lied to the Senate Committee. The Committee chairman (Don Murray), determined to block an appointment which his own standards of honour cannot tolerate, is himself blackmailed over a homosexual episode in his own past, and finally hounded to suicide, by a Senator who wants to see Leffingwell in office. The obstacle has been removed; but now the President himself dies. His successor announces that he will make his own appointment, and the *status quo* is restored.

The film is as well provided with checks and balances as the constitution. Walter Pidgeon, who plays the Majority Leader like a man grown old in cunning, praises the American system, "the wonder of the world," stalling for time while across the room a colleague puts pressure on the blackmailer. The latter, with his McCarthyist tactics and propaganda for peace, is given no shadow of overt motive for his desire to see Leffingwell in power. The President's stature is not necessarily quite what it seems: we have, after all, only the Majority Leader's word for it. And so on. When Leffingwell addresses the Committee on foreign affairs, the voice is that of the New Frontier, and the film stands morally by Fonda; when Charles Laughton, as the Southern demagogue, speaks out for an unbending national pride, the film stands emotionally by Laughton. And the grandstand finish, with the President collapsing in his office and the Senate deadlocked on the Leffingwell vote, also releases Preminger from any obligation to saddle America with a putative Secretary of State who has been both Communist and liar.

Both ends, in fact, have been played fairly consistently against the middle. You could say that Preminger has left the audience to make up its own mind, but since he has also afforded inadequate



"Accattone": Franco Citti.

evidence on which to do it, the effect is rather that he has played out his film at the level of a power game, a kind of Washington Monopoly. The status symbols of the Monopoly board, however, have been chosen brilliantly: *Advise and Consent* displays Hollywood's older generation at its authoritative, seasoned, scene-stealing best. If Charles Laughton runs away with the picture, this is no act of theft: Seab Cooley, with his suits flapping like an elephant's skin about his massive body, his committee-room scowl and camera histrionics, his honeyed evaluation of his own guile, is a superb part, played up to the hilt and at times most effectively and gently underplayed. Fonda and Don Murray, both as "sympathetic" characters saddled with Hollywood children to be tucked up in bed and lectured over the milk and sandwiches, are very adequate; Franchot Tone (the dying President), George Grizzard (the blackmailer) and Lew Ayres (the Vice President, who will rise like Truman to the status he inherits) have better chances in the way of solid character building. And Gene Tierney, the million dollar Washington hostess, encourages one to feel that these ladies have been somewhat maligned.

Playing at this level of knowledgeability does a good deal to cover up the areas the narrative has left wide open. The director performs at least as much, by ensuring that the film, like his *Anatomy of a Murder*, has a documentary surface calculated to imply that he knows everything worth knowing about his location. There are few directors these days who don't allow fatigue to catch up with them about two-thirds of the way through a blockbuster. Preminger is right on top of his film, focusing attention, driving blocks of narrative through, absorbing detail in his stride without slowing down the action. The troop of secret service men, advancing threateningly on the Senate chamber to form their protective bodyguard around the new President; the chauffeurs hanging about outside an official reception; the committee-room claustrophobia, with the reporters and television cameras closing in; the hotel-room politics and backstairs conniving, are all meshed in to provide the film with its sharp, allusive surface. Occasional vulgarities break through as reminders of the heavy Germanic hand; and Sam Leavitt's shrewd camerawork, with its clean blacks and whites, on occasion overdoes the blurred-at-the-edges affectation of a glossy picture trying to disguise itself as a documentary. In general, though, *Advise and Consent* manoeuvres less like a battleship blockbuster than like a handy destroyer; something the more striking in that this long and elaborate picture was shot in not much more than fifty days.

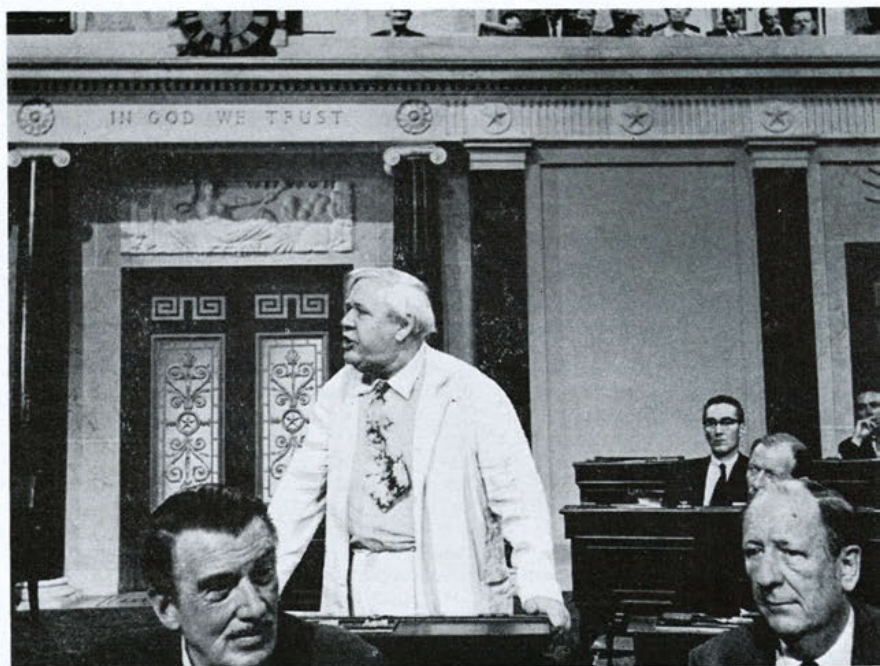
Yet the achievement remains one of facade: apparatus, technical skills, personality, working away to contrive a largely factitious atmosphere of boldness and controversy. The power game over, the pieces can be put back in their box—only Charles Laughton obstinately, insistently, keeping his place on the board the personality that much larger than the film.

PENELOPE HOUSTON

THE BOYS

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS OLD, eight films—six of them British, five of them really rather bad—to his credit: Sidney J. Furie's record argues a persistence and resilience untypical of most young directors today. So far his talent has run to two extremes without getting very far with either. One was a thin, immature romanticism that went hand-in-hand with pat little gestures of rebellion and Method doodlings. Only once did this small spark of promise flame at all brightly—in the conventionally directed but nonetheless brash and colourful go at a British teenage musical, *The Young Ones*. The other extreme was a lifelessly commercial string of chores, horror films and farces with titles like *Doctor Blood's Coffin* and *Three on a Spree*. But *The Boys* (Gala), barring a few cheap courtroom laughs and an initially over-indulgent performance from Robert Morley as a self-satisfied Defence Counsel, comes right from the heart of Britain's rarely advantageous documentary tradition of natural lighting, grainy photography, hidden cameras and extensive location shooting—lavatories, pool-rooms, dance-halls. If it still entails one's sympathies being jockeyed back and forth in the wake of schematic debate rather than an acceptably natural chain of events, this is tempered by considerable honest social criticism. In any case, half the film takes place in the Old Bailey (an exact replica, we are told, of the Number Four Court), and trial spectators' sympathies do switch frighteningly according to the tactics of opposing counsel.

"Rendezvous at Midnight": Lilli Palmer and Michel Auclair.



"Advise and Consent": Majority Leader and Southern Senator.

The film, scripted quite toughly (i.e. not quite enough) by Stuart Douglass, opens in prejudice. Four teenage slum boys are on trial for the particularly brutal murder of a garage hand for fifteen shillings. One by one the prosecution witnesses identify them as the perpetrators of a string of "anti-social acts" on the night of the murder. A series of flashbacks confirms not only each piece of testimony but the irrational mistrust behind it—of Stan's arrogant stare as he cleans his finger nails with a flick-knife; Barney's cigarette-holder and winkle-pickers; even Ginger's long hair as he baits a prissy clerk queueing up for ten-bob's-worth of *Hungry For Love*. In an unforced way, the film is so far concerned with external circumstance, judging it according to normally suspicious, middle-class standards of behaviour.

Then, by means of a couple of only slightly less unforced plot



stratagems—the exasperated Defence Counsel bullies the youngsters out of their apathy and resentment, and later in court demonstrates the folly of prejudice by identifying an apparent Teddy boy witness as a priest—the pendulum swings back in the boys' favour as each act of hooliganism is shorn of its sinister implications. Here, with the camera probing the boys' homes and sometimes squalid family circumstances, *Furie* is not being especially profound or original, yet it's hard to think of many directors who have given more economical or decently matter-of-fact attention to the stresses set up by poverty. The inevitably rigged last section, with the boys almost acquitted when an assiduous Prosecutor (Richard Todd, dogged, bad-tempered, irredeemably square) suddenly pounces on the tiny detail which condemns three of the four beyond any shadow of doubt, is distinguished by a neatly judged, simply stated attack on capital punishment. Robert Morley rises to the occasion as movingly as he did to his single good scene in *Oscar Wilde*. The argument—as familiar as the preceding one—is dramatically justified by its lack of sentimentality; the boys, three of whom are by now fully and affectionately characterised, one having been consistently well-played by Dudley Sutton, have become solidly embodied in their drab little lives as they now seem genuine social victims in the shadow of death. *Furie* is quite clear about the evils implicit in his subject. But he doesn't fall for them and he doesn't fall down on them. There is pessimism, but it is far less noticeable than the sympathy which strikes through it. Several workmanlike supporting performances (Felix Aylmer as the cold, impassive judge, Wilfred Bramble, Colin Gordon, Patrick Magee), and *Furie*'s unfussy, functional style of direction, underline the impression of a likeable, confident talent of no great personal distinction, yet one which is undoubtedly on the threshold of self-discovery and maturity of conscience.

PETER JOHN DYER

In Brief

THE LIFE OF ADOLF HITLER (*British Lion*). "What, again?" The superficial reaction comes nowadays not only when a British film is set against a background of the industrial north, but whenever a new compilation on Nazism is due to be shown in town. Paul Rotha's film (on which work was begun before Erwin Leiser compiled his *Mein Kampf*) disappeared last year after a London Film Festival showing, and, after wandering from one distributor to another, has finally managed to sneak into the West End as late night entertainment.

The risks of repetition in these films are obvious. We are pre-occupied by more up-to-date fears and tensions, and the great psychological question, "how was it possible?" has lost much of its interest in the days of the Wall. Rotha was clearly aware of the hazards, for he has patently tried to approach the subject by different means and from a different standpoint. He concentrates on a character study of Hitler and tries to explain the "how could it happen" question by viewing him against the background of the Reich. To bring this off he had to dig deep into the vast collection of material; and he does this with the zeal of a scissor-happy editor and the style of an open-eyed documentarist. The film is full of such personal touches: the consummation of the "we are barbarians" idea in the scene at Lidice; horrors with a warbling bird in the background; the final apocalyptic shot; the summing-up of the Weimar Republic in a single shot of people dancing, or of the similarities of dictatorships by a splendid cut to a military parade in Red Square. Because the approach encourages us to look out for a human point of view, many little glimpses emerge which in other compilations might have passed unnoticed: a woman lifting up the arm of her crippled relative for a *Heil*; the enthusiasm in the faces of girls cheering the Führer; the Führer accidentally dropping his pencil before signing an important agreement . . . These moments, brilliantly recognised and used here by Rotha, bring the whole compilation alive. We have the feeling of history in the making, with the *Volk* as a seemingly formative power yet in reality playing only the part of an extra. A pity that Rotha is not able to carry this amalgam of the personal and the collective the whole way: in the last section, with the war years, the film loses its protagonist in the cycle of events, and its grip slackens. The over-obvious music, too, and journalistically-minded commentary do not exactly advance the film's basic approach.

"Hemingway's Adventures of a Young Man": Dan Dailey and Richard Beymer.

Yet it is this approach which gives *The Life of Adolf Hitler* its main appeal. After the crudely interesting *Nazi Crimes and Punishment*, the effectively sinister mixture of Riefenstahl and Capra in *The German Story*, the sober neutrality of *Mein Kampf* and the intellectual humanism of *Nuit et Brouillard*, we have here a film which looks at Nazism from the point of view of a former enemy who can afford to remain sober. Never staggering, always thought-provoking, this is an honest, effective piece of German rehabilitation, by an Englishman. But the last word on the subject has to come from Germany herself.—ROBERT VAS

TWO WEEKS IN ANOTHER TOWN (*M-G-M*). Footnotes often take up more space than the text they elaborate, but they are seldom more interesting or important. In *Two Weeks in Another Town*, Vincente Minnelli, John Houseman, Charles Schnee, Kirk Douglas and David Raksin (to mention only a few) have written a king-size footnote to their work on *The Bad and the Beautiful*, but the original text remains uneclipsed. However, as footnotes go it is exceptionally diverting. Again we are given a highly coloured picture of life behind the scenes in the film world, but while last time it was in old-style Hollywood that everyone was corrupted and felt all the better for it in the long run, this time—since after all we are living in 1962 now—it is at Cinecittà, the corrupting influences are mostly foreign (the producer who keeps threatening to take the film out of the once-great director's hands before he can give it the "Kruger sound" is an Italian looking for a quick buck), and when the has-been actor "finds himself" after a crowded two weeks in Rome it is off to Hollywood that he goes, full of high ideals and fully expecting, it appears, that he will be able at once to put them into practice. *O tempora, o mores* . . .

It's easy enough to make fun of the plot, but so one could, here and there at least, of *The Bad and the Beautiful*: when the characters of this film start looking at that one about a third of the way through, and muttering about how great they were then, it is, significantly, hardly one of the more convincing scenes they choose to give colour to what they are saying. But the impression remains, when the inescapable comparisons are made, that on this occasion a number of talents, driven no doubt by a basically rather intractable novel, are running spectacularly to seed. In particular, Minnelli tends to direct here as though he has been reading too many of his own reviews:



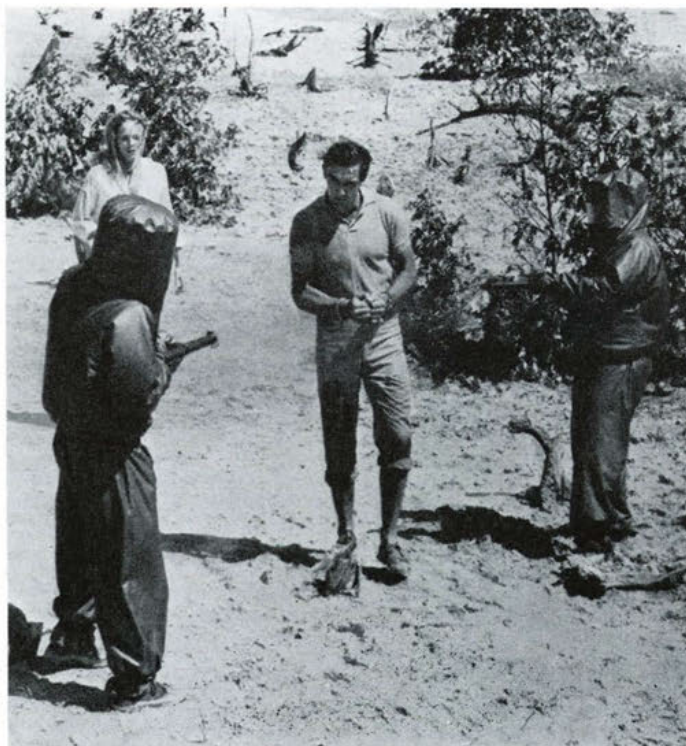
the early sequences are handled rather stolidly and sluggishly, but then as the expected latter-day Minnelli "symphonic climax" approaches *mise en scène* takes over with a vengeance, and the penultimate frenzied car-ride, brilliantly done in its own way, is so like Lana Turner speeding through the blinding rain exaggerated to the *n*th degree that it comes dangerously close to self-parody.

Of course, since it is Minnelli doing it, it all has immense flair and spirit, but the uncomfortable suspicion persists that all the story's nonsense is being taken at its face value, when it obviously needs the tongue-in-cheek approach of Charles Walters' mock-Minnelli *Spinster* to work properly. Without that, Kirk Douglas' frozen-faced anguish palls after a while, and Edward G. Robinson lacks the necessary temperament in a role that cries out for Orson Welles. However, Claire Trevor's bitch-wife is arresting, and Cyd Charisse's Marienbad-styled nymphomaniac temptress is a collector's piece in its own right. No, it is hardly in the *chef d'oeuvre* class, but after all definitely a film *à voir*.—JOHN RUSSELL TAYLOR

BILLY BUDD (*Rank*) is no ordinary period sea film. It is Peter Ustinov's most ambitious job of direction, combining a serious picture of life aboard a man-of-war at the time of the Nore Mutiny with an objective adaptation, by Ustinov and Robert Rossen, of Melville's novel. In the intimate, highly-charged climate of a small group of actors on location (there are no evident back-projections, no studio tanks), the social and psychological perversions of the then Admiralty code, of the cat and the yard-arm noose, thud home with uncommon force. The scene is filled in with emblematic figures, as opposed to characters, in the authentic Melville tradition: the psychic old Scandinavian seaman, Dansker, the humane yet code-bound Captain, trapped by public exigency into betraying his private sense of justice, the hate-driven Master-of-Arms, Claggart, who personifies evil, and the smiling foretopman, Billy himself, whose innocence begs destruction and whose stammer presumes an intolerance of senseless wrong too burdensome to be expressed freely. The overall conception, in fact, together with the powerful final scene, owes more to Melville than to his interpreters. So, less happily, does much of the flow of words, swamping as it does Ustinov's anything but fluid visual style and contributing to the film's unexpected dullness. Ustinov the actor is no less culpable, his Captain Vere blinking ineffectually like a short-sighted owl, reciting in a soporific monotone through the court martial and finally, when overcome by Billy's loud, clear "God bless Captain Vere", marching off-set for all the world as though not just the situation and the character but the entire film were quite beyond him. Robert Ryan, in one scene shot from behind and below like some Beast of Belsen, grapples uneasily with the Freudian ties that have been thrust upon Claggart's villainy. Newcomer Terence Stamp, on the other hand, gives an open, unpretentious, extremely effective performance as Billy which strikes one as being, with Melvyn Douglas's Dansker, the most honestly felt thing in the film.—PETER JOHN DYER

HEMINGWAY'S ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG MAN (*Fox*) shows once more the difficulty of transmitting this writer's terse telegraphic style through a non-literary medium. Its visual and sensual impact for the reader depends largely on what Arthur Knight has called the "clang of connotations" in the language; and this inevitably becomes blurred. Moreover, the connotations themselves lose much of their force when the source material is not an integral work but a series of scraps, often torn from their context or transplanted into soil where they cannot take root. A. E. Hotchner's screenplay has been assembled from eight of the semi-autobiographical Nick Adams sketches, an unrelated story from *Men Without Women* and oddments from other works, including *A Farewell to Arms*. In spite of laborious patchwork, it never becomes a coherent whole.

Nevertheless, the first hour of the film has a disarming simplicity, in keeping with the innocence of the world before the wars and owing a lot of its charm to Lee Garmes' superb photography of the lakes and wooded hills of Michigan. There are moments of perception, too, especially in the intuitive playing of Jessica Tandy and Arthur Kennedy as Nick's incompatible parents. The overtones of tension they give to superficially ordinary lines reveal the potential of the material. But the revelation is short-lived. Frustrated by his mother's over-bearing righteousness and disenchanted by what he sees as a lack of manliness in his father, Nick runs away from home, and into a series of romanticised encounters on the road, in one of which Dan Dailey and Fred Clark hit off exactly the wry sentimentality of "The Pursuit Race", a story about a burlesque show manager and his advance man. Once these characters (including



"Dr. No": capture of James Bond by the doctor's tank crew.

Paul Newman's over-played ex-fighter) are out of the way, and Nick joins the Italian army as a Red Cross volunteer, the weakness of the principal performance is exposed. Richard Beymer, acceptable enough as a callow runaway, cannot achieve the slow maturing that the script now requires; and writing and direction seem to fall apart as the Italian episode—itsself an emasculated version of *A Farewell to Arms*—begins. Nick, like Frederic Henry, falls in love with his nurse (Susan Strasberg), who dies in his arms in a scene of indescribable bathos after an enemy bombardment. Now fatally off-key, the film remains so to the end: the late Jerry Wald's lavish production values and Martin Ritt's intermittent control have led it far away from the heart of the matter.—BRENDA DAVIES

DR. NO (*United Artists*). It has taken James Bond a surprisingly long time, all things considered, to reach the screen, but now that he has arrived it seems he is here to stay. *Dr. No* has all the look of a pilot project for a series; and a carefully prepared one at that, with Sean Connery's Irish-accented Bond, the Jamaican setting, the mid-Atlantic dialogue, all suggesting a watchful eye on the American market. All the accusations made against Ian Fleming's novels (the sadism; the snobbism; the fantasies of master criminals with their recherché torture chambers and silken splendours) can now be repeated, as they no doubt will be, against the film. Death by flame-thrower and by cyanide; attempted murder by a tarantula under the bed-clothes; electric shock; the staking out of the heroine to be crawled over by insects; the final disappearance of Dr. No into his own atomic pile: this catalogue of brutality is calculated to a fine point. And, naturally, we have Bond's vodka martinis, his wardrobe, his expertise with guns and women, to fill in the intervals. *Dr. No* makes almost no appeal that is not to everyone's worst instincts: innocent blood and thunder have been left some way behind, as Mr. Fleming drives straight for the subconscious. Terence Young has not managed to find a visual equivalent for the high vulgarity of the writer's style, and one isn't quite sure that the screen's James Bond can yet tell a Facel Vega from a Lancia, a Taittinger from a Lanson; but no doubt this will come with time. Meanwhile, *Dr. No* is an unusually shrewd production job, down to the really solid look of the doctor's underwater headquarters and atomic plant, and of the flame-thrower tank he sends scurrying about his island. One really excellent joke—revealing the whereabouts of the National Gallery's missing Goya—almost tempts one to let this reprehensible (but admittedly watchable) film off with a caution.

PENELOPE HOUSTON

two 2 hours a week

NORMAN
FRUCHTER

NORMAN FRUCHTER, A YOUNG American whose first novel has recently been published, has been teaching six film courses in two years' work in the English and Social Studies department at Kingsway Day College in London. "Teaching non-GCE subjects in day-release education," he says, "is rigorous, demanding work: students come for only two hours a week, LCC rules make the home use of texts and other books impossible, the six day interval between class periods means that each lesson must be self-sufficient. Most of the students we get were only too happy to leave school, somewhat resentful at finding out that their jobs involved further schooling (most come from firms or employers who make day-release compulsory), and doubtful about the use of any course not strictly vocational (Business Mathematics or English, Shorthand, Typing, Office Practice). The following article is a recollective record and evaluation of the film courses I tried with some of Kingsway's students. I offer it not because I think either my work or my students were unique, but because what I tried to do may be familiar to some readers, and my experience useful."

I STARTED THE FIRST FILM COURSE BY ACCIDENT. During a wave of unofficial strikes soon after the High Court judgment in the ETU case, I was talking about trade unions with a class of police cadets doing English and Social Studies. I asked if anyone had seen *The Angry Silence*.

"Who was in it?" I named some of the actors. The cadet shook his head. "Nah. Couldn't have been a good film. Didn't have no stars."

I asked what made a good film. Most of the cadets said that stars made the film; a few thought the story was more important. But they all talked about a film as something that just happened, right across the Gaumont screen. They had no realisation that a film takes shape from the conscious choice of producer and director, who make it, and sell it, as a product. They could name no directors, and no one recognised the half-dozen names I threw out. They saw films as facts, events, which they either liked or didn't.

The class ended, and I thought about what they'd said, and tried to remember how I'd watched films at seventeen or

eighteen. I think I watched films much as they described—involved, or not involved, responding, or not responding. I never thought about the people who made a film, or how it was made, or even how it differed from last week's film. I wondered how I would have reacted if anyone had asked me to study films instead of just go to them; and decided to try a film course during the last four weeks of term.

I made what I hope is the maximum number of mistakes. I thought I had to begin by teaching, formally, terms like long-shot, close-up, dissolve, wipe, cut and pan, which I felt the class had to understand and be able to use before we could talk about films properly. Through Paddy Whannel, Education Officer at the British Film Institute, I got a fine series of film extracts and advice about how to begin that would have saved me a good many hours, had I listened. But I showed far too much film, left far too little time for discussion. I showed *The Great Train Robbery* the first week, with extracts from Clouzot's *Wages of Fear* and Reed's *The Third Man*, and the whole of Reisiz and Richardson's *Mamma Don't Allow*—fifty-eight minutes of screen time out of ninety class minutes. The second week I did even better: sixty-two minutes of film. The few points I could make were scattered and hurried; little chance for discussion occurred and almost no opportunity to learn anything. The third week I tried a feature, *Paths of Glory*; the cadets liked it, though many of them disagreed with its direction. More important, they began to talk in terms of what they had seen on the screen, rather than registering initial responses. I found that, instead of asking "Did you like it?" I could ask, "How does this scene work?" The final week of term I showed Karel Reisiz's *We Are the Lambeth Boys*, which sparked a turbulent discussion because many of the cadets knew both the youth club and the area filmed, and felt that Reisiz had distorted the teenagers by omitting all the obscenity, incipient violence, sex and excitement that were usually part of their life.

For the next term, I planned a full eleven week course, secured the regular use of the projector and approval of extracts and shorts. But because I felt that we had never touched on the area of directional choice within a film, and how much the director's way of seeing informed the shape of his work, I started the course with two long lectures on art history and tried to set out, very crudely, how particular cultures saw and interpreted life, and how their art reflected their way of seeing. I bet my classes that they wouldn't follow my lectures all the way through, managed to generate an intense atmosphere, and carried them through four hours. The conclusions I drummed home—that we all perceive

experience and order it differently, that art is an ordering of experience, and that we can *read* this record to find out how the artist sees, and how his view differs from our own—stuck with a few of the cadets for most of the term. But only a few. Had the classes been later in the day, I might never have got through those four hours. What I did was to impose a framework in which conclusions I'd already drawn would make sense, because I thought the cadets would need those conclusions in the course work. They didn't; they only used the terms and conclusions I'd taught when I asked for them.

We began the third week with the same *Wages of Fear* extract, but this time I worked for simple description. "What happens?" I showed the extract three times, until we were reading the film like a text; discussions took the form of me saying "And then?" and the class describing what had occurred on the screen. After we had established what had happened, I would ask why: why had the director chosen to photograph the scene this way, to cut from this shot to that one, to move so quickly across that area? What was he trying to do? In this case the questions were easy to answer, since the film's predominating purpose is the creation of suspense, tension and excitement. In the following weeks I used paired and contrasting extracts from feature films, to explore different handlings of similar themes, to discuss different attitudes to people as they came across on the screen. When both extracts dealt very differently with similar themes (as in the crowd sequences of *October* and *Metropolis*), we got good discussions. It became progressively easier to get descriptions of what happened on the screen, with the class correcting its own first impressions. When extracts were poorly paired or uninteresting, discussion would limp, with interest replaced by a bare tolerance of my endless "And then what happened?"

After two terms, I took stock. What I could count on was a firm and genuine interest in films, a willingness to watch an extract carefully and to talk about it afterwards with accuracy and a reasonable fluency. But I still knew little about how much this was just a class activity, how it touched the cadets' actual process of responding to a film, and whether it made any difference.

I decided to concentrate on short documentaries for the summer term, to give us more to work with and to move the subject matter closer to the cadets' own experience. I began with three short experimental films, which compelled the class to decide not only how they worked but what they were about. They ripped into each film, tossing pieces around almost like parts of a puzzle. We had arrived at few conclusions, but had tested most of what the films' possibilities appeared to be. I duplicated my syllabus and handed it out, so that the cadets could follow the course, and in the succeeding weeks we watched paired, and if possible contrasting, documentaries on similar themes. I showed *Ein Volk, ein Reich, ein Führer* with *Listen to Britain*, a stock geography film about London's food markets with *Every Day Except Christmas*, *Nice Time* with an American tourist travelogue on London.

In the second half of the course, we watched longer documentaries on social and community problems: the care and education of problem children, schools, newspapers, police. Discussions went well when the films were either very good or very bad; workmanlike films of little inspiration proved deadly, and discussion became exercise. We could always get a fairly accurate description of how the film had worked, and usually some explanation of why it had worked that way. But I found that whether or not the cadets had liked the film had little to do with this how or why; their judgments were made prior to discussion, before the lights came back on. Sometimes, in heated argument, one group would get another to modify a judgment, but this happened rarely. Mostly the

cadets were willing to discuss a film, but when I asked "Did you like it?" the response still tended to be, "Nah. I don't know. Didn't seem like there was much in it."

This upset me at the time. I think I had come to see myself as some sort of missionary, exploring the jungle of popular entertainment, attempting to elevate emotional response to rational response, to move the experience of film viewing on to a rational plane. Because I had worked through a method of talking about films not as facts but as choices, but had not succeeded in touching the emotional bases of the cadets' response, I thought I had failed. I had some partial satisfactions to console me: I had learned to work for careful "seeing", and had asked and received answers to the *why* of how a film works. I had also found that the cadets' visual responses were far more acute than anyone might have given them credit for. I had to watch a film at least three times to see as much as they caught in one viewing. They rarely missed detail: after Lindsay Anderson's *Covent Garden* film, which the Ford Motor Company sponsored, one of the cadets pointed out that Fords were pretty smart, allowing only Thames Traders to be photographed. More than thirty lorries appear in the film, all photographed from varied angles; I hadn't even noticed, but I was sure he was right. (He was. I found out later that Anderson, not Fords, had chosen to photograph only Thames Traders.)

* * *

At the start of my second year at the College, I teamed up with another staff member and we took a group of thirty girls, of very mixed backgrounds and educational achievement, from 3 to 5 on a Thursday afternoon, after they had finished most of their school day and most of their week. The girls raised very different problems. I had found with the cadets that I could easily get discussion on a film, though I think the exercise may have seemed abstract to them. But the girls were not willing to take the course seriously: amused at watching the films, they were prepared to give neither response nor tolerance to the session that followed. Our introductory lesson used two of the experimental films the cadets had torn into the year before, but the girls refused to begin to consider them. ("Waste of time." "Cor, what was that all about?" "You gonna show us Rock Hudson next



"Le Sang des Bêtes": "We were prepared for refusal, objection, violent sentimental reactions; instead we got detailed, vigorous discussion of what Franju was trying to do . . ."

week?") Luckily one of the films was about a teenagers' party, and by asking "Did you like him?" or "What about the way she treated him?" we began the most tentative of discussions. We ranged away from the film and talked about teenagers and parties: the class was far more anecdotal than analytical.

The following weeks didn't cheer us up much. We chose extracts from features treating similar themes, trying to pair one from a very early film with something as recent as we could find. We put *The Great Train Robbery* with *The Treasure of Sierra Madre*, and the contrast between what a single, immovable camera could film, and what today's complex technique can manage on the screen, came clear; we set a Chaplin short against an extract from *The Ladykillers*, and talked about the different kinds of comedy and the way they were achieved; we compared ways of looking at crowd scenes in *October* and *San Francisco*, the different attitudes to children implicit in *Huck Finn* and *Bicycle Thieves*. The notebook entries tended to give us back the points we made in discussion, but the sessions themselves were still apt to grind to a dead halt, or to go off on what we felt, then, were wrong tracks—how smashing that actor was, how the background was familiar, how funny old cars were.

We never knew when a burst of enthusiasm would peter out; we had no way of protecting a girl who started to say something she had felt, caught the rest of the girls focusing attention on her, and quickly stopped talking. We got totally unpredictable responses to extracts. ("Why was that old man's clothes so bad?" "What right did that woman have to treat her like that?"), and we didn't know what to do with them. Sometimes discussions went well, sometimes not; we were never sure why. It was as if the girls were connected to the class by an infinitely slim cord of attention and acceptance, and we could neither see nor define that cord. Once it snapped, the course as anything serious disintegrated, and the girls skittered off into caprice and fantasy.

The finale came when we showed *Nice Time*. None of the girls would say anything at all about the film. We asked why. "They ought to be shot, those girls!" one finally burst out. "Yeh," another said, "and the men ain't no better either." An avalanche followed; instead of showing the film again, we worked through a long, animated discussion about prostitution, about the girls themselves and the men who go to them, about loneliness and need and poverty, and, finally, the sort of offered entertainment the film was documenting.

After that class, we began to plan the following term's work and tried to consider what we'd done wrong, and why we had had such an unpredictable term and explosive final class. We had been assuming that the girls would deal rationally with the films presented and be willing to consider them abstractly. But the girls were accustomed only to liking or disliking films: unlike the cadets, they were not prepared to hold their personal responses in abeyance. We hadn't asked them, first, how they felt about the film: we'd asked them to work through it with us, to tell us what happened and why. Perhaps they saw no point in the exercise, perhaps they weren't prepared to play along. Perhaps, as we thought then, girls are far less willing to abstract themselves from their initial responses than boys are. But, whatever the reason, the girls were not prepared to work with us. And so we had to change our method, start from their own responses, ask them how they felt about the film, and work from what we got.

We decided to do a study of one film-maker's work for our second term; we thought to use Lindsay Anderson's documentaries, introduce other films on similar themes, and move through Anderson's work to his latest films (we knew that *This Sporting Life* would be released not too long after the course finished). His subjects were all familiar, accessible, and, we hoped, sympathetic; we wondered what the class would make of watching a man develop through his films. But we started the course with something else: Franju's

Le Sang des Bêtes. We were prepared for refusal, objection, violent sentimental reactions; instead we got detailed, vigorous discussion of what Franju was trying to do, the argument taking shape through individual responses. The rest of the term's work followed the pattern of that first session. Starting from whatever initial reaction we got, we opened up that response by inviting explanation, then asked the rest of the class if they understood. Our most successful period was spent on two films of children's street games, *The Singing Street* (Edinburgh) and *One Potato, Two Potatoes* (London). The films were very different in style, method and attitude towards the children, and here the girls were on very familiar ground; they remembered the games they'd played, and the way they had played them, and put both films through a determined analysis.

The third term was based on the way film-makers see cities and city life. We grouped together a number of documentaries by highly individual directors: René Clair's *Un Village dans Paris*, Stauffacher's *Sausalito* and *Notes on the Port of Saint Francis*, Buñuel's *Land Without Bread*, Sucksdorff's *Rhythm of a City*, and others. When we could, we contrasted two directors' records of the same city. Many of the films were too general, superficial or remote to involve the class, and many of the discussions were far more placid than during the previous term. But when the films concentrated on people, working or living in a city, facing the varied but familiar problems of urban life, then the response was definite. When we were very fortunate, discussions carried on without us; we stepped in only to clarify a factual disagreement or to work out an argument. When we were less fortunate, we had to push. But we found, usually, that we could start from the simplest questions: "Did you like it?" "Is it a decent film?" "What's good (or bad) about it?" and move into a session which usually succeeded in examining the film.

* * *

All this record goes only a short way towards realising the aims with which I started teaching film. I think I began to teach on protective assumptions: I felt that many of the films the cadets saw were manipulative in intent; I hoped that, by learning to view a film critically in class, analyse how it worked and determine why it worked that way, my students' response might somehow be changed from a basically emotional to a more rational one. I think that hope and that aim were wrong, not only morally but pragmatically. "Elevation," "uplift" or "raising the level" just doesn't work. The reasons why any teenager responds to the fantasy world that film creates are myriad and complex, but classroom demonstration of how that fantasy world operates will have little effect in altering a whole learned pattern of reactions. The process of moving from emotional to considered response is part of growth. If the growth occurs, then the teenager moves past his need for the fantasies and inadequate images of life that most of our cinemas offer, and begins to demand a more tough, imaginative and sensitive film that corresponds to the world he knows and senses. If that growth does not occur, then he remains dependent on fantasy and wish-fulfilment far into adult life; and it is not only teenagers who swell cinema receipts.

But no film class, two hours a week, and for a limited period, can make a very significant contribution to the process. What such a course can do is to establish the principle that films can be talked about. It can establish the validity of anyone's response, and begin to examine how the film worked to evoke it. The class can become a place where different ways of seeing are examined; and if each boy or girl learns to articulate his perceptions, then more complex and varied responses may become possible. The realisation that there are many different ways of responding to a film, and that response involves choice, is probably where the film course ends. What happens further depends on the teenagers.

WHEN 8,867,576 MEN HAD BEEN KILLED and over twenty million more wounded, still no one knew—any more than in 1914—whether Serbia was or was not implicated in the murder of the Archduke. Germany and Austro-Hungary, for all their former purpose and aspiration, were humbled. All Europe was starved. No one was much better or wiser. In Blefescu they still broke their eggs at the Big End. It was the greatest war that had ever been fought and it excelled any that had gone before in waste and confusion and purposelessness. It was not even (as some still believed) the war to end all wars. Yet it was the end of one kind of warfare and the beginning of a new age. The cavalry rode to war in 1914, but it was the tanks and the aeroplanes which emerged triumphantly in 1918. In the film reconstruction of *Mons* (1927) there is an engagement—in which khakied soldiers joust with lances—which might have been at Agincourt. In *Tails Up In France* the cavalry gallops into action with lances ready, while the bony aircraft of 1916 twirl brightly and menacingly above them. There were clubs and swords and body-armour; and there were bombs and grenades and poison gas.

Among the people at war—French, Germans or British—attitudes seem to have been strikingly similar, and especially in the division noted by Graves and Hodge in *The Long Weekend*, between The Fighting Forces and The Rest. As far as The Rest were concerned, “In every country it was considered necessary to secure national solidarity by elaborate propaganda, holding up the enemy to scorn and hatred. To the cruelty and carnage of war there was added the evil of subsidised prejudice and mendacity” (H. A. L. Fisher). But, says Paul, the hero of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, when he returns from the disillusion of home leave to the battlefield, “Here there are no lies.” The horror of it all and the inescapable truth bred a curious sympathy between the men of the opposing forces, a mutual respect and regret. “Why do they send us out to kill each other,” Paul asks the dead soldier in the shell-hole. “Forgive me, comrade; how could you be my enemy?”

Yet even at the front there was a division of attitudes. On the one hand there was the disillusion and dislike of war reflected by Sassoon, Owen, Thomas, Graves and Blunden. At the same time there was Julian Grenfell, who could write home “I adore war . . . it is all the best fun” and who is commemorated in *The Oxford Book of English Verse*:

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only joy of battle takes
Him by the throat, and makes him blind.
Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

Laurence Housman, writing in 1930, tried to reconcile the two attitudes:

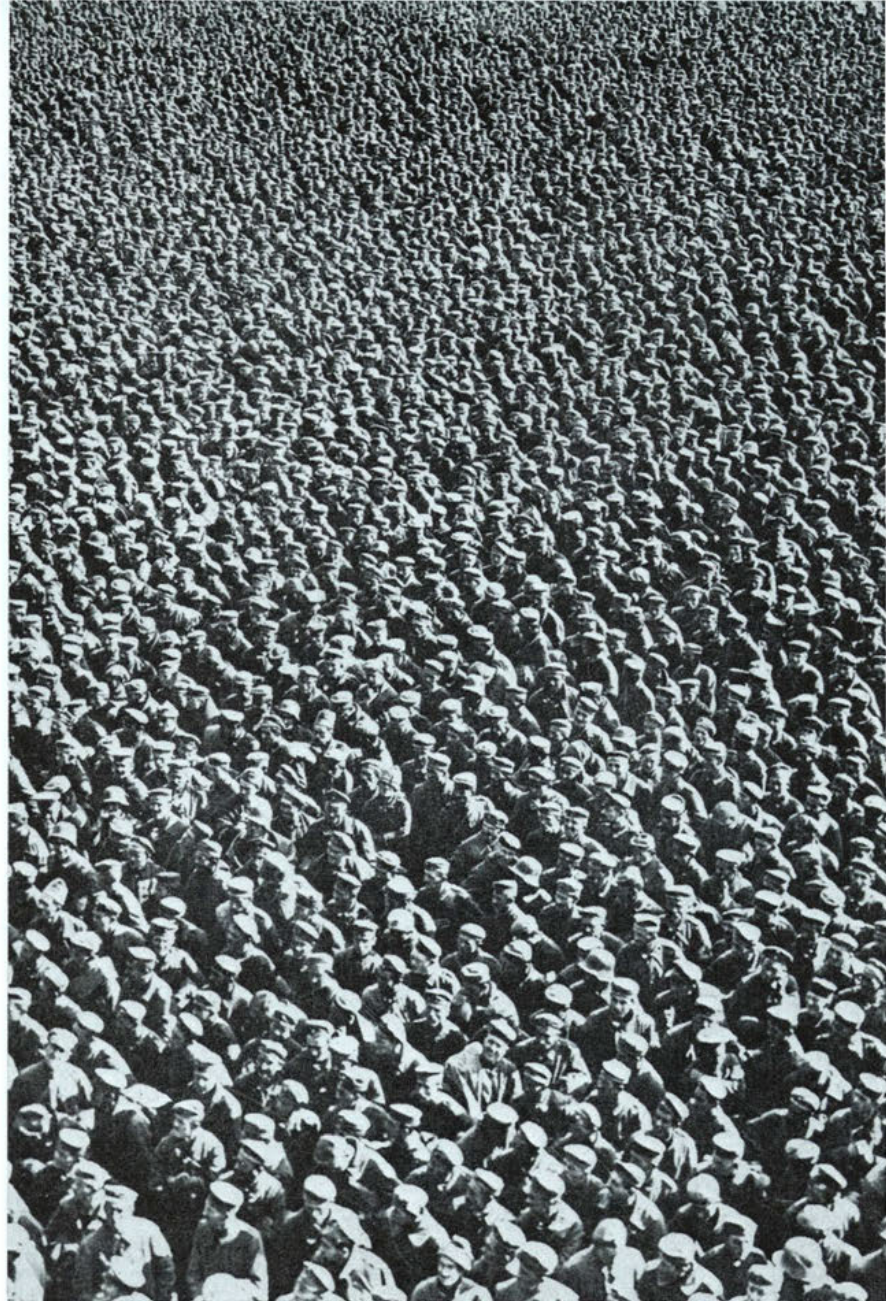
What such men find adorable in war is the tremendous test to which it puts all their powers, moral and physical; and so long as they can believe that the instrument by which they are tested can produce good results, commensurate to the accompanying horrors, war does not violate their conscience. That is a matter for the individual alone; it does not make war “fine” . . .

To attribute any nobility to war itself is as much a confusion of thought as to attribute nobility to cancer or leprosy, because of the skill, devotion and self-sacrifice of those who give up their lives to its cure, or because of the patient endurance of the sufferers.

* * *

It is probably just to say that no really durable work of art, of literature or film, came out of the King, Country and

Prisoners in a clearing depot: Abbeville, October 1918. Photograph by permission of the Imperial War Museum.



**THE
OLD
LIE**

DAVID ROBINSON



"Shoulder Arms": "the reality metamorphosed into comic fantasy."

C. of E. attitude, whether it took the form of the vicious nationalism of Blighty or the idealised heroics of Brooke or Grenfell. Very few of the patriotic fiction films made during the war are now revived; and it is possible that they would hardly bear revival. The very titles of some of them betray the propaganda-fed false attitudes with which the Home Fronts were buoyed up. Italy had *The Fighting Blood of Old England*; Germany, *Für's Vaterland*, *Das Vaterland ruft*, *Deutsche Frauen*, *Deutsche Treue*, *Die Wacht am Rhein*; France, *Marraines de France*, *Mères de France* (with Bernhardt) and *Alsace* (with Réjane). Abel Gance made *L'Heroïsme de Paddy*. No one now remembers the British films of the early war period, with titles like *It Is For England*, *St. George for England!*, *Boy Scouts Be Prepared*, *The German Spy Peril*.



In any case, in most belligerent countries alike, the public turned against war films after the first few, made and seen in the initial flush of patriotic excitement. After 1915 the general demand was for escapism and comedy. America, of course, did not enter the war until 1917, whereupon Hollywood producers rushed out war films no more memorable than their European predecessors, although their titles suggest a less sentimental, more aggressive approach—*Over the Top*, *The Kaiser*, *The Beast of Berlin*, *To Hell with the Kaiser*, and Warners' much admired dramatisation of Ambassador Gerard's *My Four Years in Germany*. De Mille's war effort was inevitably more unctuous—at least to judge from the stills and titles of *The Little American* (with Pickford) and *My Own United States*.

The only films that have survived, fresh and vivid, from this period and scene are the actuality records of the front lines. Most of the belligerents recorded the war: Bardèche and Brasillach claim that the French newsreels provide "some of the finest material of the war years." The British actualities were produced by the British Topical Committee and the War Office for Official War Films. It would be naive, of course, to look to films made under these auspices for home consumption for the whole truth. *The Battle of the Somme*, *The Battle of the Ancre*, *The Battle of Arras* and *Tails Up In France* are perhaps more optimistic in tone than 1916 justified. They are necessarily reticent about muddles and mismanagement, about human sacrifice, about rats and lice and mud and trench-feet.

Yet if they are not the whole truth, there remains enough truth to surprise and shock. For a start there are the landscapes of war:

Sad, smoking, flat horizons, reeking woods,

And founded trench-lines volleying doom for doom.

The old photographs with nightmare landscapes of skeleton trees, deep craters and rusting wires are brought to life by the little figures which leap out across them or hobble back with their wounded. The horizons too are always alive: a line of horses, the silhouette of a gun emplacement, a mysterious cloud of smoke. There are the dead as well:

green clumsy legs

Highbooted, sprawled and grovelled along the saps

And trunks, face downward in the sucking mud,

Wallowed like trodden sandbags loosely filled;

And naked sodden buttocks, mats of hair,

Bulged, clotted heads slept in the plastering slime.

The living meanwhile march endlessly up to the front. The spectacle was intended to cheer and hearten the folks in Blighty; today the implication is different. These are "the unreturning army that was youth":

(And the war won't end for at least two years

But we've got stacks of men . . . I'm blind with tears).

It is astonishing how physical types can change. These films resurrect characters we have only seen before in *Punch* drawings—cockney whippets and mashers and big sergeants with Old Bill moustaches. They are cheeky and cheerful and often heart-breaking. A title will hint coolly at a sequel: "Ten minutes after this picture was taken these men were subjected to severe machine-gun fire." It is worse when we see the wounded being dragged in helpless and gasping ("This man died thirty minutes after these pictures were taken"), or the shell-shocked staggering and staring like drunks.

These are men whose minds the Dead have ravished.

Memory fingers in their hair of murders,

Multitudinous murders they once witnessed.

The films go beyond physical impressions; more than any other films before *All Quiet* they betray the implicit solidarity of sympathy between the fighting men on both sides. The titles rarely use Blighty expressions like "Hun" or "Boche". The scenes they show of British soldiers and German prisoners larking together or nursing each other would have seemed

Lilian Hall-Davis, Ellaline Terriss and Godfrey Winn in "Blighty".

positively unpatriotic in the last war, when the duty of hatred was more defined. The sympathy is so strongly established that it is suddenly sickening when *The Somme* shows us a shot of a Tommy giving a prisoner a vicious nudge as he passes by in line.

The artlessness of the films' technique only enhances them. They were photographed (often superbly) by men who might otherwise have been taking pictures for the illustrated magazines; and they have very much the quality of animated views. Men pose for the cameras as if in their back gardens, and wave or pull faces. Others get in the way of the camera and dodge awkwardly back. A German prisoner runs out of line so that he can march by again and get his picture taken twice.

* * *

The two most important American war films came so late that they can almost be accounted post-war productions. *Hearts of the World* was released in April 1918, and *Shoulder Arms* in October. Griffith's film was planned when he came to London for the première of *Intolerance* and was lionised by the monarchy, the cabinet, and, indeed, all England. The film was made under exalted auspices; Griffith took his *équipe* to Europe and shot fifteen miles of film under action conditions on the Western Front. Seen today* the film seems hardly to justify the effort, or the admiration it attracted on its release. The story is gummy with false sentiment, even though the performances of Gish and Harron are individually touching. The scenes of fighting are spectacular, and it is to Griffith's credit that in the long shots reality and reconstruction are often indistinguishable. Yet the real drama of the Front is lacking. Griffith with his sophisticated techniques missed something that the cameramen and cutters of *Arras*, *The Ancre* and *The Somme* captured. He "discovered . . . that 'news events' or real-life scenes, which appear exciting in actuality to the naked eye, are often not in the least exciting when seen on the screen." Perhaps it was rather that Griffith was too bedevilled with Blighty attitudes, too committed to "the old lies."

Shoulder Arms now seems infinitely more truthful. Although the reality is metamorphosed into comic fantasy—the rats into the rat-trap that surmounts the little soldier's equipment, the lice into a nutmeg-grater to scratch his back, the mud and wet into a whole sequence of jokes, and the waste and ruins into a single gag with a solitary door—the facts of the war seem very close. The letter-reading scene and the vision of a New York bar evoke the remoteness and homesickness no less poignantly than the Georgian poets.

* * *

The inevitable first post-war reaction was against films about the war. *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* (1921) got by more on extraneous sources of glamour than as a war subject. The picture it presented reflected the popular home sentiments of vengeance, by depicting the conflict in cruelly hard blacks and whites. Four years after this, in 1925, King Vidor's *The Big Parade* demonstrated that there was once again a box-office for war films. *The Big Parade* has not been seen for many years now; but Rotha (1930) praised its impression of the hundreds and thousands being "howled into war" and said that it argued "with sincerity the folly of the thing, if limited by an American standpoint." Just the same, "Like all war films manufactured in Hollywood, *The Big Parade* carried little of the real meaning of war."

It was, perhaps, the Locarno Pact as much as anything which was responsible for the flurry of war films released in Europe and America in 1926-7. "We are now only Europeans," said the Foreign Secretary, Austen Chamberlain. *The Express* published von Tirpitz's account of Jutland, and the whole war became the matter for amiable post-mortems debated between

* The versions available in this country are, admittedly, mutilated.

the former belligerents. There followed an entire cycle of war films: *Mademoiselle from Armentières*, *The Better 'Ole*, *Roses of Picardy*, *Blighty*, *Dover Patrol*, *Poppies in Flanders* and *The Air War in Britain*; *Havoc*, *The Unknown Soldier*, *What Price Glory* and *Wings in America*. Some of them one would like to see now: the marathon German trilogy (if it was ever completed) called *The Great War*; Léon Poirier's *Verdun*, *Visions d'Histoire*; and *Barbed Wire*, which had a promising plot with Pola Negri playing a French peasant who falls in love with a German prisoner of war.

It was in the post-Locarno atmosphere of renewed interest in the war and new amity between former enemies that the series of British reconstructions of wartime actions, most of them directed by H. Bruce Woolfe or Walter Summers, were made. Rotha, writing when they were still comparatively new, called *Armageddon*, *Zeebrugge*, *Mons*, *The Battle of the Somme*, *Q-Ships* and *The Battles of the Coronel and Falkland Islands* "excellent examples of the documentary film." Today one's admiration is qualified. The reconstructions are often



"Tell England".

effective, but the method of dramatised documentary seems foredoomed; and the films' somewhat sportive attitudes are hardly valid now.

* * *

The last international revival of the war film—at least as far as it concerned the war of 1914-18—came in the years 1929-31, coinciding with the great vogue for war books. By this time attitudes to the war were maturing. *Hell's Angels*, though generally committed to a boys' adventure presentation, sophisticated the popular theme of pre-war friends made enemies: the Oxford-educated German betrays his own side's interest rather than bomb Trafalgar Square. Of *Tell England* I have seen only the Gallipoli landing sequence, and this is fine and bitter in its picture of reckless sacrifice. John Grierson wrote of this adaptation of Ernest Raymond's book, however, "The (critical) difficulty has been to separate the intelligence of Asquith as a technician and his great ambition as an artist, from the thoroughly false importances which either the story of Raymond's or Asquith's own mind has imposed on the fabric of the film."

Westfront 1918 linked on its first appearance with "the New Objectivity" in art. Pabst concerns himself with a detached,

realistic statement of what the war was like. The images are horrifying, compelling, irresistible. The screams from No-Man's-Land and the dead hand groping up from the mud are epitomes. Yet the objectivity has sometimes an air of stoicism, and the refusal to comment seems an eventual evasion.

Every subsequent viewing of *All Quiet on the Western Front* confirms it as the greatest statement on the war by the generation that fought it. It was perhaps also their final word. Renoir and *La Grande Illusion* seem already reflections in retrospect by a new generation, a new age, the era of World War II. The film carries the same preface as the book. It is "to be neither an accusation nor a confession, and least of all an adventure, for death is not an adventure to those who stand face to face with it. It will try simply to tell of a generation of men who, even though they may have escaped its shells, were destroyed by the war." Based on a German novel, scripted by an American, directed by a Ukrainian, the film achieved a curiously universal character. The action scenes are harrowingly realistic, so that they do not suffer by juxtaposition with the actualities of 1917. The intimate and personal scenes are conceived in a stylised, symbolic convention: Maxwell Anderson's adaptation of Remarque's dialogue is lyrical, even incantatory; Lew Ayres acts in a telling, anti-realistic manner. There is Paul's prayer at the soldier's bedside:

Oh God!
This is Franz Kemmerich.
Only nineteen years old.
He doesn't want to die!
Don't let him die!

and his apostrophe to the mother:

Oh mother, mother!
You still think I'm a child.
Why can't I put my head in your lap
And weep?

Through this lyrical and realist form the film crystallises an attitude to the war, a calmer recollection of the Georgian disillusion, hardened into a fierce pacifism. It indicts the sentimental militarism, the myth of "the iron men and gay heroes," of *dulce et decorum*. "It's dirty and painful to die for your country. When it comes to dying for your country, it's better not to die at all." The waste is everywhere. One of the recruits tells Paul, "We were 150, but this is all that came back yesterday. But now they're going to give us enough to make 150 again." ("But we've got stacks of men.") There is no heroism, no nobility. Men's terror is betrayed by their bowels. They die screaming and ugly.

We try not to be killed.

Sometimes we are.

Milestone's film can rank (along with *Shoulder Arms*) with the most durable works of art that came out of that great folly, to commemorate eight million dead. It transcends Remarque's book to stand beside *Goodbye to All That* and the best of the war poets. Indeed, when Paul Baumer sums up the soldier's life, it could well be with the voice of Sassoon or Graves:

*Our bodies are earth
And our thoughts are clay
And we sleep and eat with death.*

BOOK REVIEWS

THE IMMEDIATE EXPERIENCE, by Robert Warshow. (Doubleday, New York. \$4.50.)

EDITED BY SHERRY ABEL with an introduction by Lionel Trilling, this book brings together Robert Warshow's articles on the popular arts, most of which appeared originally either in *Commentary* or *The Partisan Review* at various times from 1946 until his early death in 1955. The articles range over a variety of topics, with discussions on the social significance of American comic strips, on the plays of Arthur Miller, on the correspondence of the Rosenbergs, and on the whole ethos of American Communism in the Thirties. There is even an account of the death of his own father, in which he describes what it felt like to inherit a Russian-Jewish, socialist-rationalist culture while growing up as a boy in New York. In fact, it is only in the second half of the book that Warshow is directly concerned with film; and, even there, the cast of his mind encourages him to veer away from analyses of individual films into a discussion of the society that has produced and received them. For like Parker Tyler, whom in this respect he resembles, in his effort more fully to understand his response to a film he is continually asking himself questions which—especially with American movies—have no answer within the film itself. As he says: "One way or another, the movies are always forcing us outside the boundaries of art; this is one source of their special power." And throughout his articles on cinema, it is this "special power" of the movies to grip and excite us that Robert Warshow is striving to understand and define.

His basic position is described by him in his preface, a preface actually intended for another book on film which he failed to live to write. All his film writing starts from an awareness, he says, "that the impulse which leads me to a Humphrey Bogart movie has little

in common with the impulse which leads me to the novels of Henry James or the poetry of T. S. Eliot. That there is a connection between the two impulses I do not doubt, but the connection is not adequately summed up in the statement that the Bogart movie and the Eliot poem are both forms of art. To define that connection seems to me one of the tasks of film criticism and the definition must first of all be a personal one. A man watches a movie, and the critic must acknowledge that he is that man."

So, although aware of the often finer quality of the more serious arts, it is Warshow's confessed need for "the absorbing immediacy of the screen" that enables him to write about all kinds of films with such enthusiasm and respect; as it is his willingness, when necessary, to be completely personal in his desire better to understand his own responses that lends his criticism some of the urgency of a voyage of self-discovery. Furthermore, in his desire more fully to understand than merely to evaluate a film, coupled with the search for a vocabulary flexible enough to do justice to this fuller understanding, lies the quality that gives all his remarks—whether we agree with them or not—the excitement of independent thought. Even when misconceived or off-centre (as I feel he is in his treatment of *Death of a Salesman* and of *Day of Wrath*), his comments are always a challenge to us to reconsider our own position and to force us into greater clarity in articulating it.

Along with a detailed analysis of *The Best Years of Our Lives* and his two essays on Chaplin, perhaps his most stimulating film pieces are his accounts of the American gangster and Western films. His acute social consciousness leads him to see the popularity of these forms in terms of an indirect social protest against the pervasive optimism which American society is committed to endorse: "For within the area of mass culture, there always exists a current of opposition, seeking to express by whatever means are available to it that sense of desperation and inevitable failure which optimism itself helps to create." So both the gunman and gunslinger are seen as men in isolation from the settled security of any society, men who depend upon the threat and authority of a gun, and yet whose lives by their very logic are eventually doomed to failure, since they cannot but grow older while there are always fresh gangsters and new gunslingers waiting to shoot them down. And although *Scarface* and *The Gunfighter* serve his purpose well in these essays, it is questionable whether such a general interpretation can be of much use when faced with a large number of gangster and Western films. His general observations are, then, really more telling than his analyses of the particular films.

Which leads me to what I feel to be the central weakness of the book, a weakness rather difficult to define; for the very qualities

that at the outset seem so admirable eventually are felt as limitations as well. For instance, his concern to write about the popular cinema with dignity and respect tends to keep him from looking too closely at too many examples of individual popular films; while his frank desire to be as personal as possible, in the pursuit of a greater openness and honesty, ends by encouraging him to write less about the films and more about himself. And finally, in his preface, he expresses the hope that at its best "the volume may possibly be a contribution to literature," a hope apparently endemic with a large number of American critics and yet one which leads Warshaw again and again into general statements which are really *too* general to have any valuable specific application. And this urge to be a Great Writer instead of just a fine critic leads him, too, past the point where his words are simply effective for what he is trying to say to where they achieve a kind of stylistic autonomy of their own. In his account of his father, for example, we find ourselves lulled by the measured rhythms of the prose, and are more conscious of the effectiveness of the expression than of the particularity or vigour of the thought.

So if, at the end, we read this book with a growing sense of disappointment, it is only because we regret that a man with such a seriousness of response to film and to the other popular arts should have managed to produce so few perceptive accounts of individual films; and because the present collection of essays, admirable though they are, really fails to live up to the promise of its preface. Ultimately, this volume is less a series of critical essays than the record of a personal struggle for articulateness about the increasingly indifferent world of the mass media: as if, by preserving his own responses in words, he was trying to give them a kind of validity and influence which, in the isolation felt by the intellectual in America, they cannot seem to have on their own.

PETER HARCOURT

JAPANESE MOVIES, by Donald Richie. Illustrated. (Japan Travel Bureau. \$3.25.)

A RATHER TOO GLOSSY wrapper with a still from *Gate of Hell* conceals a book of unattractive presentation and modest length. It would be easy to conclude that *Japanese Movies*, appearing in a series called "Tourist Library", was a chatty meet-the-stars introduction for the layman; but the conclusion would be wrong. This is perhaps the most acute analysis yet produced of the essence of a national cinema. A careful examination of the philosophical, social and artistic background which the Japanese cinema reflects, and which in fact produced that cinema, it provides a key to the larger work *The Japanese Film*, which the same author produced with Joseph L. Anderson and which is more directly concerned with a detailed historical and economic approach.

The Japanese cinema, it seems, particularly lends itself to this sort of analysis. "Only in Japan do motion pictures remain the most popular form of entertainment, and this goes far toward explaining the Japaneseness of the Japanese film, which, for better or for worse, continues to be an intelligible expression of the people. The Japanese movie continues to show, for all who care to see, the most perfect reflection of a people in the history of world cinema." Mr. Richie maintains that the great force in Japanese life and cinema alike is Traditionalism, whether its effect is to inspire a conservative reverence for the past or a violent revolt against it. Traditionalism is as much an influence in the work of the radicals Imai and Goshō, as it is with Naruse who accepts and detests it ("If [the people in my films] move even a little they quickly hit the wall"), or with Ozu who reverences and celebrates it. Even the most popular genres—the "mother-films" and "sister-films" for instance—with their totally unreal, escapist pictures of life, still reflect this basic conflict of Japanese life in stories of sons and daughters in revolt, of the contrasts between old-style and new-style girls and boys.

Against this uniquely coherent background, Japanese films have often expressed an authentic philosophical position. "This, of course, is the *mono no aware*, that awareness of the transience of all earthly things, the knowledge that it is impossible to do anything about it; that elegiac feeling of resignation in the face of things as they are. . . . *Mono no aware* films are often sentimental, and sometimes unbearably sad, but then, occasionally, so is Japan." It is not characteristic of all Japanese films, of course, but a surprising number of the best that we have seen reflect this richly rewarding mood.

Within the framework of this short book Mr. Richie offers brief but valuable analyses of the work of a score of directors whom he finds at once most individual and most characteristic of the Japanese cinema at its best. Towering aloft are the great Mizoguchi and Ozu, with his audacious austerity ("Dissolves and fades are not part of

cinematic grammar. . . . I feel that a picture is not good if it has too much drama"). As Mr. Richie points out, the one-scene one-shot method that Griffith abandoned as old-fashioned early in his career "in the hands of both Mizoguchi and Ozu . . . appears almost *avant-garde*." Then there are fairly detailed surveys of the careers of Kurosawa and Ichikawa and Goshō; and frustrating glimpses of directors hardly known in the West—Yoshimura, Masumura, Kobayashi and Naruse.

The careful reader will notice slight shifts of critical feeling between Mr. Richie's two books. Richie alone tends to be less cautious in his enthusiasm than Richie-and-Anderson. But no one is likely to complain at this sort of enthusiasm. Indeed, the only complainers are likely to be the poor Tourists whose Library this is, and who are probably looking for something more in the manner of the Travellers' Companion.

DAVID ROBINSON

DICTIONNAIRE DU CINEMA. Illustrated. (Editions Seghers, Paris. 7.80 N.F.)

REFERENCE BOOKS TEND to be out-of-date as soon as they appear, but the publishers of this new *Dictionnaire du Cinéma* have partially avoided this trap by including many as yet unreleased films of 1962. Although its terms of reference take in hundreds of directors, producers, designers, composers and leading players of all periods, even a sizeable book of nearly 400 pages cannot contain everyone (as the introduction freely admits). The problem, then, is one of selection; and in this respect it is somewhat difficult to fathom the anonymous compilers' methods. They seem particularly choosy over cameramen and East European directors: Figueroa and Toland appear, but Fritz Arno Wagner, James Wong Howe and Schuftan do not; neither are there entries for Romm, Room, Fabri, Munk or Wajda, though Kawalerowicz gets a mention. Some of these omissions are not of paramount importance since one can find the information from other sources, but opportunities have been lost to include relatively little-known figures whose careers are less well documented. For example, the Greek director Koundouros is mentioned in Cacoyannis's entry but not elsewhere; one looks in vain for veteran Japanese directors like Ozu, Goshō and Kinoshita; and the younger British school is almost totally ignored. Such omissions seem even more perverse when room is found for a very obscure Portuguese director and a Franco-Irish pioneer in high-speed photography.

Like other French reference books, this one contains a fair number of misprints and irritating errors in dates. Nevertheless, as a ready reference tool, the dictionary has its uses. Each entry provides a brief biographical note, a list of main films with dates and a summary of the artist's personality, inevitably reflecting the preferences of the French critical school. Two final queries to the publishers: what happened to Henry King and Satyajit Ray?

JOHN GILLET

BOOKS RECEIVED

JEAN RENOIR. (Premier Plan, Lyon. 18 N.F.)

THE KING OF HOLLYWOOD: the story of Clark Gable. By Charles Samuels. (W. H. Allen, 25s.)

SERVITU E GRANDEZZA DEL CINEMA. By Umberto Barbaro. (Editori Riuniti, Rome. 3,500 L.)

VOYAGE DANS LE CINEMA. By Henri and Geneviève Agel. (Casterman, 6 N.F.)

Lessons with Eisenstein

VLADIMIR NIZHNY

The most famous of all film directors and teachers reveals the secrets of scripting and direction.

'a vivid, valuable and often amazing addition to our knowledge of films and film-making.' *The Daily Telegraph*

'a "must" for anyone studying, or wanting to study the theory and practice of film-making.' *Films and Filming* *Illustrated 25s*

ALLEN & UNWIN

40, Museum Street London W.C.1

CORRESPONDENCE

Marienbad

The Editor, SIGHT AND SOUND

SIR,—Since reading Jacques Brunius' article on *L'Année Dernière à Marienbad* (Summer 1962) I have come to feel convinced that this film is a masterpiece. It is a masterpiece of ambiguity, and contrary to what Mr. Brunius says, nothing can be interpreted absolutely about this film.

The article began as though it had solved the riddle, but soon the author fell into the trap, too. The fall begins when Mr. Brunius decides, "Any attempt to construct valid interpretations must be postponed until the structure has been studied, described and understood." In truth, the only uninterpretative description of the structure would be a chronological catalogue of the shots as they appear on the screen, with a content description of each in the manner of Alain Robbe-Grillet's screenplay. Mr. Brunius' analysis of the structure is just another interpretation because he relates scenes and puts the whole in a context (that of a dream). He tells us we must avoid interpretation until we have laid the basis of structure and then proceeds to give a very subjective description of the "structure". As soon as any relating pattern is established an interpretation has been made, because in this film any relationship between the shots is founded on assumption.

Certainly, one might argue, the costume changes imply changes in time, but can any definite conclusions (absolute ones, as well) be drawn from this? Is there any reason to accept the white dress as always the past and the black dress always the present? Oh yes, it is worked out with a valid complexity, but first you must assume that one scene takes place in the past or present, then it is easy to find a subordinating continuity of costume in subsequent scenes. Even the "stiff" behaviour of the characters is a device inducing a subjective reaction. Think of the famous Russian film school experiment: a shot taken of an actor's face was inserted after three different leading shots. After one of a baby, audiences responded with praise for the actor's expression of basic human warmth. After one of a coffin, he was praised for capturing the look of total grief. In truth, the performer had been instructed to make his face blank.

I am more than willing to admit that this film has been planned to a degree of great detail and complexity, but objectively each part is self-contained and to pursue it *per se* leads nowhere. In illustration let this little detail of decor be observed. In the early moments of the film, there is a shot of a hallway. There are many similar shots in the film: large, baroque architecture with a grouping of people in the distance, a stiff, over-shadowed figure in a hall . . . but wait! This time, lo and behold, the figure in the hall appears to be none other than Alfred Hitchcock. Is it? Well, actually, no it isn't, but it is a life-size photograph of him affixed to the wall. In a still (page 29 in the Evergreen edition) of this shot he almost passes for real, and in the film he usually passes unobserved. But let's look at something else observable in the still; it is the metal-work in the door. Isn't that a letter, an initial perhaps? If so, is it a "C", a "B", or both? Or is there a "G", too?

Merely trimmings to sustain the mood, one might say, but why are they executed in exactly the same manner as the body of the film? (If one finds time to look for interpretations at the technical level, as well as the narrative one, I am sure these details would contribute: why couldn't Hitch be an in-joke cue to the mystery-film technique so many have commented on?) Cinematically the film is a prank; intellectually it is unfathomable. (Incidentally, some of those mirror within mirror shots were done with the use of photographs inserted in mirror frames, if I'm not mistaken.)

No, the truth is that everyone certainly sees meanings in it, but it is a film in which there are no certain meanings.

Yours faithfully,
TOM S. CHOMONT

Rollins College,
Winter Park,
Florida, U.S.A.

Points of Enquiry

SIR,—Two minor but curious points of enquiry and information occur to me after reading the current MONTHLY FILM BULLETIN and SIGHT AND SOUND. First, shouldn't there be some sort of acknowledgment of Russell Thorndike's novel *Dr. Syn* among the credits of

Captain Clegg (MFB, p.92)? I notice that the parson's name is now Blyss, not Syn, but to judge by your account of the film it is in fact a remake of the Gaumont British film of about 1939 with Arliss, Lockwood and Loder, which retained the title of the novel. Even the name "Captain Clegg" comes from the Thorndike novel, as I remember. And, second, isn't there a further twist to the anecdote about Hitchcock's *Suspicion* which Arkadin relays from *Cinéma* (SS, p.142)? The film is derived, I believe, from Francis Iles' novel *Before the Fact*, in which the heroine similarly allows her husband to poison her after she has written to her friend about it. Only in the novel the letter is a suicide note. It is amusing to think that around 1942 the maker of *Psycho*, though no doubt less squeamish, as Arkadin says, than his Hollywood producers, was still way out of his depth to a really quite respectable middle class English mystery writer when it came to the nasty, squashy ending. Or was the censor cramping his style in those days? Anyway, "Hitch's little joke" was actually Francis Iles' slightly "bigger" one.

Yours faithfully,
R. J. CODY

74, Melbourne Avenue S.E.
Minneapolis 14,
Minnesota, U.S.A.

Kanchenjunga

SIR,—In my article in your Spring 1962 issue ("Satyajit Ray at work on his film *Kanchenjunga*") there is a misprint due either to a typing error of mine, or a misreading by the printer. In the paragraph before the end is printed: "Ashok, earning five hundred rupees a month from free-lance teaching . . ." This should read "fifty rupees a month". Five hundred rupees being considered quite a good income, Ashok's refusal of a job would not be so important to the theme.

Yours faithfully,
MARIE SETON

Kotah House,
Shahjahan Road,
New Delhi.

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

continued from page 185

moody flashbacks and rainy skies, that one turns away in boredom; Stanislaw Rozewicz's *Birth Certificate*, a trilogy of stories dealing with the appalling effects of the war on children, consists of raw hunks of tragedy and pathos laid end to end—harrowing certainly, but simply not selected and shaped. The Czech *Love Without Words* is another trilogy: the first and second parts wallow mawkishly, but the third—the one about the pretty girl who is loved by the poor boy and chased by the designing wolf—is stylishly acted and packs several satirical punches. The boy is played by the famous Czech mime Ladislav Fialka, who speaks no word throughout the film and woos his girl entirely in elegant dumb-show.

In *A Bomb Was Stolen* the Rumanian director Ion Popescu Gopo carries wordlessness to feature length, by means of an ingenious soundtrack and several uproariously knockabout set-pieces. The satire on gangster films—the rival gangs battling for the bomb are clearly meant, from their manners and clothes, to be English and American—is excellent; but it's a little hard to accept the innocent hero who wants to use the bomb for the good of the people and whose bus-conductress girl-friend sprouts cherub's wings every time he looks at her.

Finally, from Russia, *The Lasses*, an affectionate and often very funny tale of love in a lumber camp. Nice to be told that Soviet workers can slack and envy their comrades and that some lady-comrades spend hours in front of the mirror with the lipstick and cold cream instead of plying the electric saw. Odd, though, to see an innocent, jolly little heroine (Nadezhda Rumiantseva, who looks about fifteen) unwilling to exchange her first kiss with the star lumberjack on the grounds that there won't be anything left for them to do when they're married. "Oh yes, there will," he assures her and the film ends on a delighted gurgle in the darkness. Clearly in Russia even the nymphets have their part to play.

JAMES BREEN

INTERVIEW WITH JOHN HOUSEMAN

continued from page 165

of the scene. On the other hand I would never dream of talking to his actors behind his back or presume to interfere with the manner of his shooting.

Would you work with a writer on a script before you had a director in mind?

Most of the time, alas, that's the way it works out. It's not right, of course, since the director should be there from the first day, but under Hollywood's high earnings system a director's contract calls for about twenty weeks of work on a picture. That simply doesn't give him enough time to be present at the birth of the project. And that's regrettable.

Is it through circumstances that you've never directed, or is it that you can get more satisfaction out of producing?

In some ways it's very frustrating—especially since in the theatre I am accustomed both to produce and direct. But it's a fault of mine that I like to do a lot of things at the same time, and directing a picture is such an overwhelming effort, such an all-absorbing and consuming thing, that I've always hesitated to involve myself in such a total long-term commitment. In practice, of course, I sweat and suffer not one bit less than my directors and twice as long. I have never yet made a picture in the course of which I have not sworn that I'll never again make a picture which I do not direct myself. It hasn't happened yet. I think I know just about everything that has to do with directing a picture. I'm afraid I'm too old and too proud to put it to the test.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

M-G-M for *Lolita*, *Two Weeks in Another Town*, *Julius Caesar*, *Moonfleet*, *The Bad and the Beautiful*, photograph of John Houseman.
UNITED ARTISTS for *The Misfits*, *The Lonely Stage*, *Dr. No*, *La Notte*, *Shoulder Arms*.
COLUMBIA PICTURES for *Advise and Consent*.
20th CENTURY-FOX for *Hemingway's Adventures of a Young Man*, *The Longest Day*.
BRITISH LION for *Shadows*.
BLC/BRITISH LION for *A Bout de Souffle*.
WOODFALL PRODUCTIONS for *Tom Jones*.
GALA FILM DISTRIBUTORS for *Letter from an Unknown Woman*, *Les Liaisons Dangereuses 1960*, *Jules et Jim*.
CONTEMPORARY FILMS for *Le Caporal Epinglé*, *Paris Nous Appartient*.
SEBRICON for *Rendezvous at Midnight*.
BARGATE FILMS for *Accattone*.
T.V. CARTOONS for *The Apple*, *The Ever Changing Motor Car*, *The Flying Man*.
RICHARD WILLIAMS for *Love Me, Love Me, Love Me*.
HERMAN G. WEINBERG for *Greed*, *The Wedding March*, *Queen Kelly*, *Lola Montès*.
DAVID BRADLEY/SAN-S PRODUCTIONS for *The Return of Mr. H*.
UNIFRANCE FILM for *Vivre sa Vie*, *Landru*.
FORCES ET VOIX DE FRANCE for *Le Sang des Bêtes*.
ANDRE MARTIN/MICHEL BOCHET for *Mais où sont les Nègres d'Antan?*
ROME-PARIS FILM for *Une Femme est Une Femme*.
TITANUS for *The Leopard*.
LUX-VIDES-GALATEA for *Salvatore Giuliano*.
COMPAGNIA CINEMATOGRAFICA CERVI for *La Commare Secca*.
J. N. FILM PRODUCTIONS for *Elektra*.
CZECH STATE FILMS for *The Steel Helmet*.
VIDEO PROMOTION CO., TOKYO for *Here and There*.
NATIONAL FILM ARCHIVE for *City Girl*, *I Claudius*, *Blighty*, *Tell England*.

CORRESPONDENTS

HOLLYWOOD: Albert Johnson	SCANDINAVIA: Erik Ulrichsen
NEW YORK: Cecile Starr	SPAIN & PORTUGAL: Francisco Aranda
ITALY: Giulio Cesare Castello	POLAND: Boleslaw Michalek
FRANCE: Louis Marcorrelles	

SOLE AGENTS for U.S.A.: Eastern News Distributors, 255 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.

PRINTED BY Brown Knight & Truscott Ltd., London, England.

BLOCKS BY W. F. Sedgwick Ltd., London.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES (4 issues), 18s. including postage.

U.S.A.: \$3.50. Price per copy in United States, 85 cents.

PUBLICATION DATES: 1st January, 1st April, 1st July and 1st October.

Overseas Editions: 12th of these months.

give a B·F·I



FULL MEMBERSHIP entitles the recipient to free issues of SIGHT & SOUND; admission to National Film Theatre programmes with three guests; illustrated programme booklet; Licensed Clubroom; reduced film hire rates; use of Book Library and Information Service.

ASSOCIATESHIP entitles the recipient to admission to National Film Theatre programmes with one guest; illustrated programme booklet; Licensed Clubroom.

Obtainable from the Membership Department, British Film Institute, 81 Dean Street, London, W.1.

FULL MEMBERSHIP TOKENS 30s. 0d.
ASSOCIATESHIP TOKENS 10s. 0d.

A GUIDE TO CURRENT FILMS

Films of special interest to *SIGHT AND SOUND* readers are denoted by one, two, three or four stars

******ACCATONE** (*Bargate*) Pasolini's rough-hewn, searing picture of the backstreet life of Roman slum boys, done with love and prompted by savage anger. A notable debut for the director and for the leading player, Franco Citti. *Reviewed.*

****ADVISE AND CONSENT** (*Columbia*) The credits lift up the dome of the Capitol—to disclose the name of Otto Preminger. Fair comment on a film more revealing about its director's equivocal way of looking at things than about U.S. politics, though strong in acting and documentary detail. (Charles Laughton, Henry Fonda, Walter Pidgeon, Franchot Tone. Panavision.) *Reviewed.*

BARABBAS (*BLC/Columbia*) Latest, most morbid and one of the most eclectic of current cycle of Italian Biblical spectacles, based on the Pär Lagerkvist novel. (Anthony Quinn, Vittorio Gassman, Jack Palance; director, Richard Fleischer. Technicolor, Technirama 70.)

***BILLY BUDD** (*Rank*) Herman Melville's classic staggers word-laden on to the screen via a stage play. Ustinov's direction and performance (Captain Vere) are equally uninspired, but Terence Stamp is a real discovery as Billy. (Robert Ryan, Melvyn Douglas. CinemaScope.) *Reviewed.*

***BIRD MAN OF ALCATRAZ** (*United Artists*) Generally intelligent and sympathetic biography of Robert Stroud, the convicted murderer who became a self-taught ornithologist while serving time in solitary confinement. Good playing from the male cast, with mercifully brief hysterical interruptions from Thelma Ritter. (Burt Lancaster, Karl Malden, Betty Field; director, John Frankenheimer.)

****BOYS, THE** (*Gala*) A realistic look at the drab night out, ending in murder, spent by four London teenage Teds; rather strained in its courtroom dramatics but always sympathetic and responsible. (Robert Morley, Richard Todd, Felix Aylmer; director, Sidney J. Furie. CinemaScope.) *Reviewed.*

******CAPORAL EPINGLE, LE** (*Contemporary*) *La débâcle*; comradeship in a prison camp; love in a dentist's chair. Hilarious and poignant by turns, with Renoir at the top of his form. (Jean-Pierre Cassel, Claude Rich.) *Reviewed.*

*****CLEO** (*Sebricon*) On the longest day of the year, fear of death prompts a young woman to a discovery of the meaning of life. Moving and elegant debut of Agnès Varda, 30-year-old godmother of the New Wave. (Corinne Marchand, Antoine Bourseiller.)

***COUNTERFEIT TRAITOR, THE** (*Paramount*) William Holden as a U.S.-Swedish oil importer blackmailed into spying for the British in wartime Germany; authentic backgrounds and some token moralising welded on to various sub-Hitchcock intrigues and a doomed affair involving Lilli Palmer. One or two good moments, even so. (Hugh Griffith; director, George Seaton. Technicolor.)

DIFERENTE (*Compton-Cameo*) Freakish musical extravaganza about a well-to-do Spanish dancer who can't help dreaming violent, vulgar dreams about other, working-class males. Starring a disarmingly ingenuous narcissist, Alfredo Alaria; directed by a man, Luis M. Delgado, who obviously knows his Michael Powell, Gene Kelly, Minnelli and Sirk. Excellent Eastman Colour.

DOCK BRIEF, THE (*M-G-M*) Adaptation of John Mortimer's comedy about the decayed lawyer who concocts a defence in rehearsal with his client but can't open his mouth in court. Essentially a dialogue exercise, and James Hill's direction is barely resourceful enough to make a movie out of it. (Peter Sellers, Richard Attenborough.)

***DR. NO** (*United Artists*) The first James Bond picture, but almost certainly not the last, in which 007 takes on a half-Chinese doctor running his own atomic plant on a Caribbean island, with interventions by Honey, the blonde beachcomber. Done with shameless assurance. (Sean Connery, Ursula Andress, Joseph Wiseman; director, Terence Young. Technicolor.) *Reviewed.*

***EL CID** (*Rank*) Solemn pageant about the noble Spanish knight who united Moors and Christians under one king. A likeable cast struggles vainly with two-dimensional characters, and there is an arid hour or two between the film's highlight—a mounted, single-combat scene—and its final battle; but Anthony Mann's compositions are often pretty. (Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren, John Fraser. Technicolor, Super-Technirama 70.)

*****HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY** (*BLC/Columbia*) A dozen or so choice excerpts from Lloyd's comedies of the '20s and '30s, supervised by Lloyd himself. Splendid invention and marvellously timed chases demonstrate that he was, at his best, right up there with Keaton and Chaplin.

***HEMINGWAY'S ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG MAN** (*Fox*) The Nick Adams stories, diluted and inflated to exhaustive length but brightened by good performances from veteran players and the glittering colour photography of Lee Garmes. (Richard Beymer, Jessica Tandy, Paul Newman, Susan Strasberg; director, Martin Ritt. DeLuxe Color, CinemaScope.) *Reviewed.*

HIDEOUT, THE (*Miracle*) A good basic idea, about a Resistance fighter compelled to take refuge in a lunatic asylum, is taken not very far in the hands of Raoul André, who directs strenuously but obviously. (Marcel Mouloudji, Francis Blanche.)

JIGSAW (*BLC/British Lion*) Technically proficient but flatly characterised study of sharp-eyed Brighton coppers on the trail of a killer, with Jack Warner promoted, but still heavily enmeshed in Dock Greenery. (Ronald Lewis, Yolande Donlan; director, Val Guest.)

*****LIFE OF ADOLF HITLER, THE** (*BLC/British Lion*) Paul Rotha's massive German-made compilation film fills in some of the gaps left by its recent predecessors and surpasses them in the organisation of material. Commentary a bit over-emphatic, but the pre-war coverage in particular is very strong. *Reviewed.*

LIFE FOR RUTH (*Rank*) Non-committal Relf and Dearden problem picture, which poses every argument for and against the freedom to exercise rigid religious beliefs with fatal results, and knits them into the fabric of a calculated heart-tugger. (Michael Craig, Patrick McGooohan, Janet Munro; director, Basil Dearden.)

*****LOLITA** (*M-G-M*) Not exactly the film of the book, but quite an achievement just the same. Brilliantly controlled playing by James Mason, and coolly resourceful direction by Stanley Kubrick, hit off the tone aimed at: comedy with a powerful undertow of desperation. (Shelley Winters, Peter Sellers, Sue Lyon.) *Reviewed.*

***LOUDEST WHISPER, THE** (*United Artists*) William Wyler's second go at filming Lillian Hellman's *The Children's Hour*. Efficient stage carpentry, with the older generation (Fay Bainter, Miriam Hopkins) in fighting form; but the play looks every year of its age (Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine.)

***MAD TWENTIES, THE** (*Gala*) Lively compilation showing Europe in general and France in particular living it up in the Jazz Age. Too much material makes it finally indigestible, though the treatment has a sharp edge despite heavy distributor cuts. (Directors, M. Alexandresco and H. Torrent.)

MIRACLE WORKER, THE (*United Artists*) Arthur Penn's strident, "cinematic" version of the William Gibson play about Helen Keller and her teacher Annie Sullivan. The tone is so high-pitched that it almost drowns the sterling performances of Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Victor Jory, Inga Swenson.)

*****MUSIC MAN, THE** (*Warner-Pathé*) The bogus travelling salesman with the 76 trombones bounces through 19 numbers at a lick. Corny—but ripe, rumbustious and exciting, and played with charm and vitality by Robert Preston. (Shirley Jones, Hermione Gingold, Paul Ford; director, Morton Da Costa. Technicolor, Technirama.)

***NOTORIOUS LANDLADY, THE** (*Columbia*) Dishevelled comedy about a young American diplomat and his Mayfair landlady, under heavy suspicion of murder. Accomplished playing by Jack Lemmon and some bright, if over-extended ideas. (Kim Novak, Fred Astaire; director, Richard Quine.)

PIGEON THAT TOOK ROME, THE (*Paramount*) Charlton Heston, loosed from the bonds of epic heroism, enjoys a small joke about inept spies in occupied Rome. The treatment lacks asstringency and slides into tastelessness but on the whole a fair cloak-and-dagger spoof. (Elsa Martinelli, Harry Guardino; director, Melville Shavelson.)

***PORGY AND BESS** (*BLC/Columbia*) Otto Preminger at his most laboured and loftily detached. Straightforward version of Gershwin's Negro opera, several years late in reaching us, and strictly for the director's and composer's fans. (Sidney Poitier, Dorothy Dandridge, Sammy Davis Jr. Technicolor, Todd-AO.)

***REACH FOR GLORY** (*Gala*) Well-meaning but implausibly executed version of a novel, *The Custard Boys*, about the painful insecurities of youth in the face of relentless wartime propaganda. Fairly brutal, but somehow not very strong. (Harry Andrews, Kay Walsh, Michael Anderson Jr.; director Philip Leacock.)

*****RENDEZVOUS AT MIDNIGHT** (*Sebricon*) Roger Leenhardt returns to the feature film with a Pirandellian essay on the paradox of the actor. Lilli Palmer appears to splendid effect in each compartment of its Chinese-box structure; but the script seems to offer possibilities not quite achieved. (Michel Auclair, Maurice Ronet.) *Reviewed.*

SOMETHING WILD (*United Artists*) Or a director's imagination runs amok, with sorrowfully incongruous results. Inordinate footage goes to detailing the unbelievable after-effects of rape on a schoolgirl (Carroll Baker) who embraces the sordid life, attempts suicide, and ends up locked in a room with a one-eyed psychotic. Happy ending: she marries him. Can Bresson conceivably be the influence? (Ralph Meeker, Mildred Dunnock; director, Jack Garfein.)

TERM OF TRIAL (*Warner-Pathé*) Laurence Olivier as a down-trodden North country schoolmaster accused of indecent assault, and respected only when (wrongly) thought guilty. Ironies rather facile, and the Secondary Modern setting is kitchen-sink conventional. (Simone Signoret, Sarah Miles; director, Peter Glenville.)

*****THOUSAND EYES OF DR. MABUSE, THE** (*Golden Era*) The third reincarnation of the infamous Mabuse, now bent on world conquest from his luxury hotel headquarters. Some risible dubbed dialogue, but Lang's old flair for staging action sequences sees most of it through. (Peter van Eyck, Dawn Addams.)

***TWO WEEKS IN ANOTHER TOWN** (*M-G-M*) A *Bad and the Beautiful* of Cinecittà, with Kirk Douglas as the ex-star fighting to make a come-back and Edward G. Robinson as his megalomaniac director. *Mise en scène* run wild, with most of Hollywood's neuroses on parade. (George Hamilton, Cyd Charisse; director, Vincente Minnelli. Metrocolor, CinemaScope.) *Reviewed.*

*****UNDERWORLD, U.S.A.** (*BLC/Columbia*) Orthodox, rather dated thriller about a vengeful gang-buster, made with force and flow by a Samuel Fuller not quite so alarmingly obsessed as usual. Suitably hard, cold performances by Cliff Robertson, Richard Rust and Robert Emhardt.

*****WEST SIDE STORY** (*United Artists*) Strikingly mounted version of the Broadway musical which fails to bridge the gap between realistic backgrounds and Hollywoodian social rage, between dramatic dancing and tired echoes of Romeo and Juliet, between—in fact—theme and form. Fine playing by George Chakiris, Richard Beymer and Rita Moreno. (Natalie Wood, Russ Tamblyn; directors, Robert Wise, Jerome Robbins. Technicolor, Panavision 70.)

THE ART FILM PROGRAM NOTES

Now being distributed by art theatres and film societies all over the world. Illustrated four page program containing credits and 1,000 word review of film (synopsis, background criticism), with film notes by Pauline Kael, Richard Roud, Colin Young, Derek Hill, Vernon Young and Herbert Feinstein.

Reprinted here is the opening paragraph of one of the 45 programs now available, as of August 15, 1962 for complete list see summer issue of SIGHT AND SOUND).

LA GRANDE ILLUSION

In form, *La Grande Illusion* is an escape story; yet who would think of it this way? It's like saying that *Oedipus Rex* is a detective story. The great work transcends the usual categories: *La Grande Illusion* is a perceptive study of human needs and the subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during World War I. The two aristocrats, the German prison commander von Rauffenstein (Erich von Stroheim) and the captured French officer de Boeldieu (Pierre Fresnay), share a common world of memories and sentiments. Though their class is doomed by the changes which have produced the war, they must act out the rituals of noblesse oblige and serve a nationalism they do not believe in. The Frenchman sacrifices his life for men he does not really approve of—the plebeian Marechal (Jean Gabin) and the Jew, Rosenthal (Marcel Dalio). These ironies and ambiguities give genuine depth to the theme—fraternization, and the illusions of nationality.

—Program notes by Pauline Kael, Program Director of the U.C.L.A. Committee on Fine Arts and University Extension, University of California film series and film critic for SIGHT AND SOUND and Film Quarterly.

"I have just read Derek Hill's remarks on the film *The Love Game* which the manager of the Los Feliz theatre sent me. I enjoyed his program notes very much and now I am determined to see the film."

"I hope that more theatres will follow the lead of the Cinema and Los Feliz [Hollywood] and give out programs with their better films. I feel sure that reading your critical writings helps people enjoy the film more by telling them what to look for."

WILLIAM E. EMERY, Pasadena, California.

THE ART FILM PUBLICATIONS

BOX 19652—LOS ANGELES 19, CALIFORNIA

Jerry Weiss, Publisher

Tel.: RE 45371; DU 41857

NEW FILMS

FOR EARLY RELEASE

FROM CONTEMPORARY

Bergman's

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

Renoir's

THE VANISHING CORPORAL

Satyajit Ray's

DEVI

Jung-Alsen's

THE STORY OF PRIVATE POOLEY

Zarzycki's

THE WHITE BEAR

Bergman's

THE DEVIL'S EYE

FOR CINEMA AT ITS FINEST

Send for our new 16mm. illustrated catalogue of over 500 titles. Price 2/6 includes supplementary pages as printed.

CONTEMPORARY FILMS LTD

14 Soho Square W.1 GERrard 9392/3/4

L'ÉROTISME AU CINÉMA Vol. III

by LO DUCA

The final volume of DUCA's pictorial analysis of the erotic elements of the international cinema. Over 300 illustrations, 250 pages 20 pages of French text.

62/- Post Free.

Limited quantities of I and II still available.

**62/- per volume
post free.**

"U.S. \$9.50"

RODNEY BOOKS, LTD.

9—11 Monmouth Street,
London, W.C.2.

L'ÉROTISME AU CINÉMA

PAR
LO DUCA

III

JEAN-JACQUES
PAUVERT
ÉDITEUR



THE ACADEMY CINEMA

Oxford Street - GER 2981

will present

from October 17th



JEAN RENOIR'S Le Caporal Epingle

with

JEAN-PIERRE CASSEL

and

CLAUDE BRASSEUR